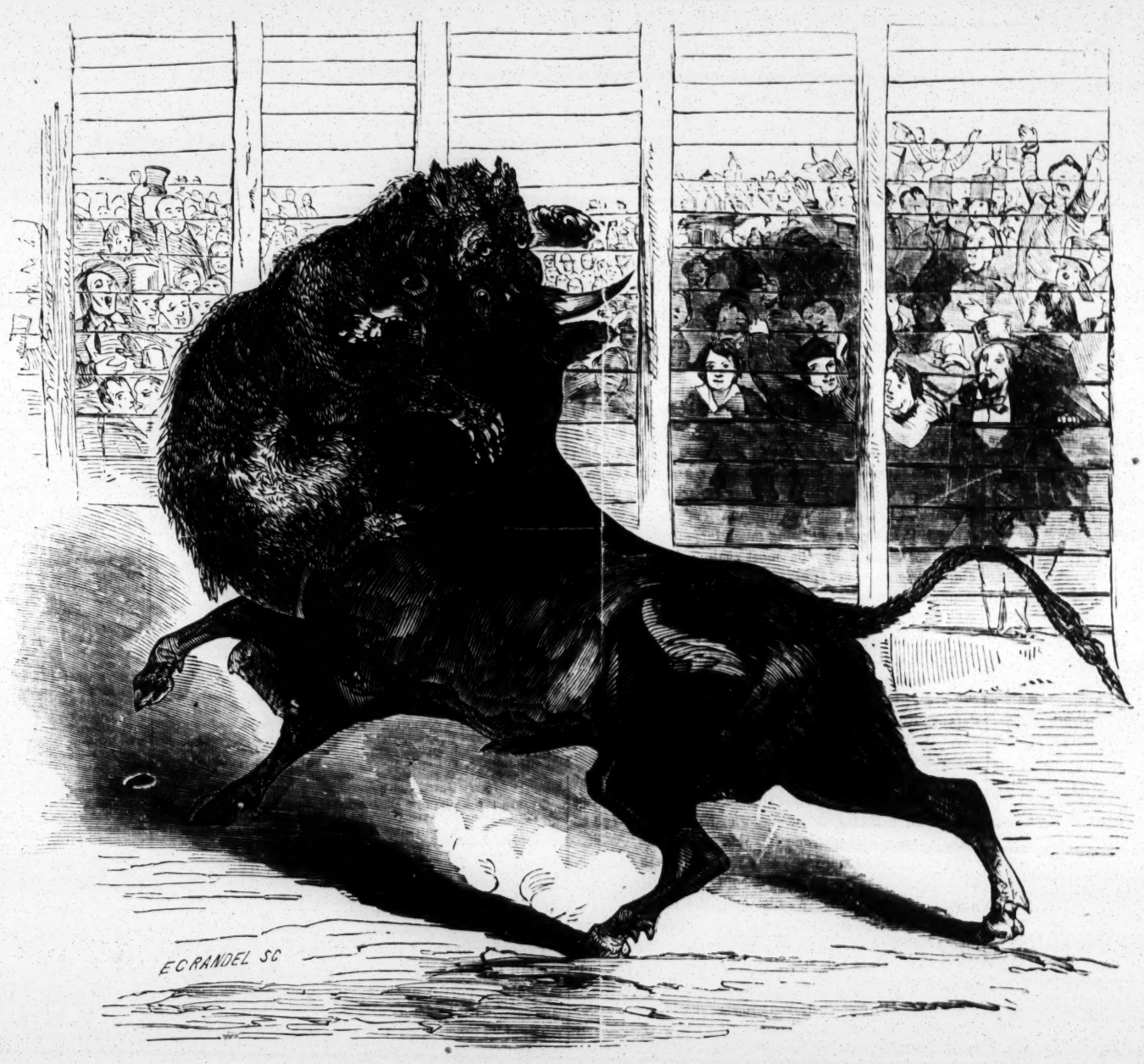
NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 44. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858. Four Cents.

BULL AND BEAR.

Our Engraving represents a contest that took place in New Orleans some time since, between a bull and bear. In the arena was a cage about thirty feet square and twelve feet high, built of timber, grated with bars of iron; in it stood a large powerful dark slate colored bull, Napoleon 4th—sole monarch of that establishment. By the side of this stood another cage, with a large and powerful grizzly bear, which would weigh about four or five cwt., and would stand from three and a half to four feet high, with a lank sort of India-rubber movement and action about him—about half devil. We had just time to notice the preparatory arrangements, when the crowd from outside broke through; in rushed several thousand people; they flew like magic on to the top of the large cage, which was covered with boards, so that the cage was soon surrounded and covered in every direction by sight-seers; those from the staging, and outsiders, who could not get a sight, commenced an assault on those on and about the cage, with stones, brickbats, clubs, boards, turf, and everything that came handy, to clear the way and give fair play. This having the desired effect, and all being ready, the slide door was hoisted, and Bruin notified with a ten foot pole that he was wanted in the other apartment. The bull was standing in the centre, ready to receive his guest. After the bear had made his entrance, the slide door was shut, so that both animals were secure in the large cage. The bull, considering the intrusion rather improper, commenced pawing, and making a low bellow; the bear, in the meantime, walking round by the bars of the cage, with a deep low howl.

After going quite round the cage, and finding it all secure, he stopped, and his eyes began to fire up. The bull by this time appeared to be up to the boiling pitch of rage, unable longer to bear the insolence of the bear. At him he plunged. The bear struck the bull's ear; this enraged the bull, who made another plunge at the bear—the bear, not counting exactly on the sport, got entangled on the bull's horns, buried his teeth in the upper side of the bull's head; the bull, however, whirled him off. After they had time to breathe awile, they were stirred up with long poles. The bull made a desperate drive at the bear, knocked him on his back and jumped on him length-ways. There the two were—head to head. The bear opening his paws quick as a flash of lightning, took the bull, clasped one paw each side of his head, grasped his nose with his tusks, and in this position held and hugged the bull—both bear and bull kicking with their hind feet, the bear still sticking to his embrace. After remaining some minutes in this position, during which time the blood flowed profusely, the bull, suspecting that the bear was sucking rather too much of his life, made a desperate effort, and cleared himself. Another short respite, and the bull was again warmed up to the scratch. The bear missing his hold, the bull caught him in the eye. The bear was perfectly savage. At it they went again; the bull threw the bear six or eight feet into the air, when the bear fell and pretended to be dead. The bull, not being satisfied with these pretensions, drove at him again—the bear grabbed him by the nose, and another hug ensued. The bull extricated himself, and at the bear he went until Bruin sneaked into a corner, out of which he could neither be coaxed, flattered, nor driven. The bull set up a loud bellow, as he proudly walked about the cage, pawing. The excited multitude gave one long, loud yell for Napoleon 4th, and departed.



FIGHT BETWEEN A BULL AND BEAR

RECREATION.

Can anything be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet what can we expect, if we provide no means whatever of recreation—if we never share our own pleasures with our poorer brethren? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art without paying for it; and we shut people up by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on each side by duty hedges. Now, an open space near a town is one of nature's churches; and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity, who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellowmen. —*The Claims of Labor.*

Some one says that dogs bark with such zeal when one enters their master's yard, that "one would suppose they own the premises, and that their master was only a boarder."

A little boy was munching a bit of gingerbread. His mother asked him who gave it to him. "Miss Johnson gave it to me." "And did you thank her for it?" Yes, I did, but I did'nt tell her so!" was the reply.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

From the Poultry Book.

NUMBER TWO.

In a work like the present, not intended exclusively for the professional reader, it will be found more convenient for the purpose of reference, to arrange the diseases of poultry under the headings of the organs that are affected, than in any more strictly scientific order. In accordance, therefore, with this plan, they will be treated of in the following sections:

1. Diseases of the Brain and Nervous System.
2. Diseases of the Digestive Organs.
3. Diseases of the Lungs and Air Passages.
4. Diseases of the Egg Organs.
5. Diseases of the Limbs.
6. Diseases of the Skin.

DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.

APOPLEXY.

Symptoms.—The symptoms of apoplexy are plain and decisive—a fowl, apparently in the most robust health, falls down suddenly, and is found either dead or without sensation, or the power of motion. These symptoms are occasioned by the rupture of a small vessel (usually at the base of the brain,) and the consequent affusion of blood which, by its pressure, produces the evil.

Causes.—Apoplexy is almost invariably caused by a full habit of body; it is therefore frequent in overfed birds, and is most common among laying hens, which are sometimes found dead on the nest—the expulsive efforts required in laying being the immediate cause of the attack. Unnatural and over-stimulating food, as greaves, hemp, and a large proportion of pea or bean meal, greatly predisposes to the disease.

Treatment.—In this disease much may be done in the way of prevention—little towards cure in an actual attack; the only hope consists in an instant and copious bleeding. It has been said that "bleeding" is out of the question; for how is a bird to be bled, and where? We would reply, that it is *not* out of the question, for we have saved the lives of several birds by its prompt employment; and as to the mode of operating, it is the same as in other animals—simply opening a vein with a sharp-pointed penknife, or, still better, a lancet. The largest of the veins seen on the under side of the wing should be selected, and opened in a longitudinal direction, not cut across; and so long as the thumb is pressed on the vein, at any point between the opening and the body, the blood will be found to flow freely. If the bird recovers, after the operation, it should be kept quiet, and on light food for some time.

VERTIGO.

Symptoms.—Fowls affected with this disease may be observed to run round in a circle, or to flutter about with but partial control over their muscular actions.

Causes.—The affection is one evidently caused by an undue determination of blood to the head, and is dependent on a full-blooded state of the system.

Treatment.—We have always found that holding the head under a stream of cold water for a short time immediately arrests the disease; and a dose of any aperient, such as Calomel, Jalap, or Castor Oil, removes the tendency to the complaint.

PARALYSIS.

Symptoms.—An inability to move some of the limbs. In fowls the legs usually are affected, and are totally destitute of the power of motion. Care must be taken not to confound this disease with leg weakness, which will be discribed under the head of Diseases of the Limbs, and which requires a totally different mode of treatment.

Causes.—Paralysis usually depends on some affection of the spinal cord, and is another result of over-stimulating diet.

Treatment.—Nothing can be done by way of cure; the cases may be regarded as hopeless, or nearly so.

DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

CROP-BOUND.

Symptoms.—The crop or membranous dilatation of the gullet, whose office it is to receive the food as it is swallowed, and to retain it until sufficiently softened by maceration, is sometimes so overcharged, that it is unable to expel its contents into the stomach. From the emptiness of the latter organ the bird feels hungry, and by continuing to eat add to the mischief, until at last, by the contraction of the crop and the swelling of the grain, a hardened mass is formed, weighing in some cases nearly a pound, and, by the enormous protuberance it causes, giving evident indication of its presence. Sometimes the disease is occasioned by a single object being swallowed, whose size is too large to permit it to pass into the stomach. In this case it serves as a nucleus for other matters, and a mass is formed around it. I have now lying before me a piece of bone, one and a half inch long by three-quarters of an inch broad, which was embedded in a mass of horse-hair, oat-husk, and other vegetable fibres, the whole forming an egg-shaped solid, two and a half inches in the long, and one and a quarter inch in the short diameter. This caused the death of the Dorking in whose crop it was found.

Treatment.—The treatment of this disorder is very simple. With a sharp penknife an incision must be made through the skin and upper part of the crop; the infected mass loosened by some blunt pointed instrument, and removed. If it has remained many days, and is very offensive, the crop may then be washed out by pouring in some warm water. The incision, if small, may be left; but if large, a stitch or two is advisable. The bird should be fed on soft food for a day or two, and will rapidly recover. We have found a dessert-spoonful of gin stimulate the crop sufficiently to overcome the mass, and render the use of the knife unnecessary.

INFLAMATION OF THE STOMACH, OR PROVENTRICULUS.

Symptoms.—When a fowl mopes and refuses to eat, without any apparent cause, or selects only soft food, rejecting corn or grain, and, gradually pining, becomes excessively thin, inflamation of the stomach may be suspected.

Causes.—Over-stimulating food, especially peas, hempseed, &c., necessarily make a greater call upon the digestive organs than more simple and wholesome diet. The stomach (or proventriculus of comparative anatomists,) which is situated between the crop and the gizzard, forms the gastric juice, in which the food is macerated previous to its passing on into the latter organ, to be ground by the triturating action of its most powerful muscles. The amount of gastric juice must therefore be in proportion to the digestibility of the food; and hence, under the use of peas, hemp seed, &c, the organ is overworked, and stimulated to such an extent as to become inflamed. The secretion of the gastric juice then ceases; the food is not digested, and consequently distends the stomach to an enormous degree; so that, although naturally larger than the finger, we have seen it four or five times the size of the gizzard.

Treatment.—The prevention of the disease, by the use of wholesome and natural diet, is easy: the cure in advanced cases very uncertain. The only treatment to be relied on would be the immediate employment of a plain dietary, consisting of cooked soft food, so as to make the least possible call on the digestive organs; and if to this regimen an occasional grain of calomel, at intervals of several days, be added, all is done that can be likely to benefit the patient.

DIARRHŒA.

Symptoms.—The symptoms of diarrhœa, or looseness, are so evident as to render description unnecessary.

Causes.—A too scanty supply of grain, which necessitates an excess of green food, or an unwholesome dietary of any description, are the usual causes of this complaint.

Treatment.—The treatment is simple: five grains of powdered chalk, the same quantity of rhubard, and three of cayenne pepper, may be administered; and if the relaxation is not speedily checked, a grain of opium, and one of powdered Ipecacuanha, may be given every four or six hours.—[To be continued.

A Lively Head.—John Bolivar lately visited a phrenologist's study. He thus writes:

"It's a free institution—filled with 'dead heads.' Professor wished to feel my head. Told me to uncover. Told him to feel of it with my hat on. The hat was felt. I then took it off. He examined my wig. Said he knew there was something in my head—it was *full of life*. He dwelt a long time on a bump caused by the sidewalk falling against it while I was taking my room mate home from a primary election. Professor said large bumps denoted great inquisitiveness. Said I had a searching mind. Told me to search if I had a quarter in my pocket. Called that experimental phrenology."

It is the perfection of happiness, neither to wish for death nor to fear it.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER, City of Reading.—"Please decide this question—'Is a horse possessed of brains?' This subject created a warm and spirited controversy a few evenings since, at the Washington House, between two gentlemen hailing from Old England, and two of our country born sons. The former offered to wager a watch against $50, and $100 in money, that a horse is not possessed of brains. The opposite party did not feel disposed to accept this proposition, whether from want of sufficient knowledge of the subject I cannot say, but it certainly was not owing to a scarcity of funds. I therefore appeal to you for the information." The two gentlemen from Old England are greatly mistaken in asserting that the horse does not possess brains. As in man, there is in the horse a mass of highly-complicated nervous matter contained within the skull, called the brain, and which is the organ of the mind, as well as, in all probability, the seat of the instincts of the animal. In man the brain is much the most voluminous; the brain of the horse is, as compared to his whole body, very much less than that of the dog, and still more diminished in proportion as compared to that of man.

POSER.—1. The following section of the rules of racing of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans, may give you all the information desired on the subject of weights carried by American horses:—"Two-year olds, 80 lbs.; three year olds, 96 lbs.; four-year olds, 100 lbs.; five-year olds, 110 lbs.; six-year olds, 118 lbs.; seven-year olds and upwards, 124 lbs.; three pounds allowed to mares and geldings. If any horse carry five pounds over his proper weight, it is the duty of the judges to announce it from the stand. No horse shall be allowed to start in any race, carrying more than five pounds over weight." At the North, the weights are a trifle more than those carried at the South. 2. Gilpatrick rode Lexington when he made 7:19¾. 3. We have not time just now to search for the fastest time made this season in the various distances named. 4. Jackson, the American Deer, has frequently been beaten in England, by Englishmen. 5. Grindell is considered the fastest runner in this country at long distances.

JOHN T. KELLY, Albany.—This correspondent says that the Rip Van Winkle did run on the Delaware river in the summer of 1846, from Philadelphia to Cape May. We have shown Mr. Kelly's statement to parties connected with the line from whom we obtained our information, who say that it was a different steamer, bearing the same name, however. We are inclined to believe, nevertheless, that Mr. Kelly is correct.

CONSTANT READER.—The feat may have been performed, but we have had no positive evidence of the fact. If there had been watchers appointed, as there certainly should have been, for such a remarkable performance, we should not probably have been long left in doubt either way. We have no direct evidence that the affair was a fraud, neither have we any authentic knowledge that the feat was fairly performed.

——— ———1. 12,111, is, as far as we have been able to make the calculation, "eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven." 2. Whether you drank a glass full of lager beer depends altogether upon the quantity of froth there was in it. 3. A wins the bet, as he accomplished the task before 12 o'clock. It was not necessary to prolong it until that precise time. Have you any more wagers of this description to decide?

MIKE, JR., Boston.—"In a late number of the CLIPPER, I noticed the statement that the Trinity Church spire, in New York, was higher than Bunker Hill Monument. Elsewhere I have seen it stated that Trinity is 264 feet in height, while the Monument, as we all know about here, is 220 feet. Which statement is correct?" Trinity Church spire is the highest.

H. C. A., Philad'a.—*Euchre*.—"A party of us were playing a four-handed game—the dealer took it up, and went alone. I had a good hand, and went alone against him; he made three tricks, and claimed four chalks, which I contended he was not entitled to. A wager was the result, and the dispute left with you to decide." The dealer having secured three tricks only, is entitled to score but one point.

IGNORAMUS.—1. The fastest time ever made by a sailing vessel from New York to Liverpool, of which we have any record, was that of the ship Red Jacket, in thirteen days, one hour, and twenty-five minutes. 2. Good gloves will cost you $5 the set—we can forward them to you. 3. Tom Spring died in August, 1851.

DROPNAS, New York.—1. It would afford us pleasure to accommodate you in the matter of the game fowl, but, as you have doubtless ere this read our remarks in last week's CLIPPER, you will perceive that we have not the time to devote to hunting up the kind of stock desired. 2. Boxing gloves can be had for $4 and $5 the set, the latter the cheapest in the end.

P. C., Cleveland.—It is contrary to the rules for a principal in a prize fight to leave the ring, from the time the battle commences until the decision of the referee is rendered, unless disturbed by magisterial interference, when, of course, it becomes necessary to "step out" with the utmost alacrity, to avoid getting into a "tight place."

SUPPORTER, Norwalk.—1. Those steamers consume about 1,000 tons of coal each trip, on an average. 2. The Persia has four boilers, two aft and two forward. 3. Cricketing implements, of the various kinds, can be furnished you by sending to this office.

SULLIVAN, Geneva.—William Hastings, the original "Dublin Tricks," has not fought a prize battle in several years. The person who fought with Jennings, at St. Louis, to which battle you refer, merely assumed the cognomen of "Dublin Tricks."

J. H., Pittsburgh.—1. Jem Ward fought and beat Simon Byrne. 2. Deaf Burke was Champion of England, and was succeeded in the office by Bendigo, by whom he was defeated. 3. The work will cost you $10; freight extra.

J. SUSSS, Philad'a.—We have ascertained that there are several firms in this city that manufacture their own lamps and chandeliers; among these are Star & Fellows; Dietz & Co, and a number of others. There are more manufactories here of this kind than in Philadelphia.

M. L. B., Boston.—Cannot say where the Parodi troupe is at present—we understand that some of the company are making arrangements for a tour through California, &c.

ELEPHANT BILL, Columbus, Ohio.—Bill, if you are not on the "makes believe," just forward that forfeit, when the challenge will receive attention at once, and the elephant shown up, in all his mightiness.

W. D. B., St. Louis.—Much obliged for your letter—have made use of the items, and shall be pleased to hear from you as often as it suits your convenience to write.

GEORGE W. S., Philad'a.—There are no settled rules on this point in the game, and therefore it is that in different localities different ideas prevail on the subject.

CLEVELANDER.—Sayers and Paddock are not restricted as to weight in their match for the Championship. Paddock will be ten or twelve pounds heavier than Sayers.

BOSTON.—As there have been several inquiries of late for remedies for the distemper, we will give an article on the subject in our next, together with some valuable recipes.

MCGINNIS.—1. The young Prince of Wales is the next in order. 2. Mr. E. L. Davenport is the better actor in our opinion.

LAD FOR FUN, Deplainville, Wis.—Send whatever is the most convenient for yourself.

CHAS. FREEMUTH, Lockport.—Joe Smith, the Mormon leader, was killed in June, 1844.

J. M. S., London, C. W.—We have seen no mention made of Mr. Turner Brocck's stable engagements for '58.

J. L. R. P., New Haven.—Jack Randall was never defeated in the Prize Ring.

YOUNG SPORT, Jersey.—Unfortunately, there is no such place that we can recommend you to, within the limits specified.

NEW NEW THOMAS, Hoboken.—A list of the names of the company, etc., will be given next week.

J. B. S., Dover.—Webster's Dictionary is the acknowledged authority in the United States.

TRUE HORSEMAN.—Lady Suffolk never went in 2:25—her fastest time is 2:26.

A CORRESPONDENT, in Philadelphia, has vols. 2, 3, and 4, of the CLIPPER, which he will dispose of at a reasonable price.

M. S.—The amount of Mr. Smith's defalcation was first stated at $200,000.

GEORGE DEVLIS, Warehouse Point.—You can be accommodated by sending along a forfeit.

CHIPS, Rondout.—1. The Boston list of letters is published in the Herald, of that city. 2. Address Editor Herald, Boston, Mass.

CLAUDE LORAINE, St. Louis.—Thanks for the drawing, etc. What a lovely pair you have made of them.

H. H.—Will insert the article in our next. It is a gem.

BERLIN SPORTSMEN, and "Matters in Frankfort," next week.

H. J. R., Rockland, Wilmington.—It will be all right.

A. C., Richmond, Va.—Mr. Hyer is a native of this State.

JACK ADAMS, Catasauqua.—Send a deposit if you are in earnest.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

COCKING.—HEELS, &c.—Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1858.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* As the subject of cocking is now attracting considerable attention, I would like through your columns to make a few suggestions on *heels*, &c. The general classes, of which all others are but modifications, are straights, slashers, and drop sockets. The first—straights—are the ones ordinarily termed *fair*, and are used in all cock-pits, and therefore require no description. The *slasher* is the most rare: is of the shape of a Turkish cimeter, has no socket, the blade starting out from a piece of steel of a letter V shape, and is sharp as a razor on both edges. As the result with these heels depends almost entirely on the first fly, no one who had any care for his cocks would use them. The third—drop-sockets—are my favorite, and, both parties being at liberty to use them, are no more *foul* than any other heel. The drop consists simply in the blade of the heel going straight down from the socket ¼ to ⅜ inch before taking the bend up. The advantages of this heel, are, first; that starting from a lower point on the leg, it gives greater leverage and of course greater force in striking. Second—it can take a greater *bend up*, without putting the point out of striking distance, thus bringing the blade of the heel nearer the line of the stroke, and requiring less force to drive it; third, it is less apt to hang, the weight of the chicken generally drawing its own heels. I also prefer a 2 or 2¼ inch heel to those of 3 or 3¼, more commonly in use. Because, though the long ones *may* be advantageous at first, a chicken sooner becomes tired, and is not able to *drive* them as effectually as a short one. The reason of this is obvious—the long heel reaches the chicken before the blow has any effectual momentum, while the short heel has time to gather force from nearly twice as long a stroke. Then, too, none of the vital points of a chicken are more than 1¾ inches from the surface. As to setting the heels, no exact rules can be given, every one having a different system, and each cock requiring different heeling, according to his manner of striking. The best *wrappers* are pieces cut from an old kid glove, and the strings should be strong and waxed with *beeswax, not shoemakers'*. Lastly, I would advise all gentlemen to heel and pit for themselves. A little practice will make you sufficiently expert, and you will take more interest in the sport in proportion as you understand it better, and as you feel success to depend in some measure on yourself; for, next to the birds being game and in condition, is there being well heeled and handled.

Yours, DROP SOCKET.

DISEASES OF GAME FOWLS.—Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* It was not until yesterday that I got a sight at your valuable sheet for Feb. 6th. In it I chanced to see a card from a correspondent of yours who is much troubled, as regards his chickens, with a disease commonly called among raisers of game fowls the *mats*. I have generally found it to proceed from neglect of cleanliness more than any other cause; for instance, if the birds are allowed to drink the water which runs from the sink in the kitchen, or from the wash-house, they will certainly feel the effects. Soap suds are particularly conducive to this disease, which, if allowed to run on, will soon turn into genuine *roup*. The best remedy that I know of from experience, having raised over 300 fowls last season, is to keep them warm and dry, and to give them two or three times a week a lump of assafœtida, say about an ounce to half a dozen chickens, well mixed up in their food. A dessert spoonful of gin to each, will stimulate them if very weak from long continuance of the disorder. Last season I had one hen that set on 23 eggs, all of her own laying, and brought off 23 chicks, every one of which I raised to full size. One of them was the March stag, with which I took the first premium last year. I did not in this instance remove the eggs, but let them all remain; this, however, is an uncommon instance. I had one hen who twice brought off 16 chicks from 16 eggs, and in both instances she stole her nest and set in an old sleigh, which was hanging up in an outhouse. Hoping that my hints will be of value to your distressed correspondent,

I remain yours, etc., NUBBY COBB.

GATHERING OF CALEDONIANS.—Some time since an organization was perfected in this city having for its object the introduction into this country of those Scottish sports and pastimes which are so popular in the "Land of the Thistle." This association of "brither Scots" in the New World, notwithstanding its formation took place on the eve of one of the most disastrous financial panics ever known in the history of our nation, has flourished "o'er a' the ills of life victorious," and is now a fixed fact among the institutions of the land of their adoption. Already, we believe, have our friends of the "Caledonian Club" gathered together more than once on the turf to practice and perfect themselves in the healthful pursuits of "putting the stone," "throwing the hammer," "foot-racing," "broad-sword and single stick exercise," etc., etc., in which sports the "Scot" so much excels.

On Wednesday night, February 10th, the "Caledonian Club" gave an entertainment more suitable to the season than those we have just enumerated. This was their first annual ball, and was given at the Apollo Rooms, in Broadway. It was altogether an experiment, and by some was looked upon as rather too much of a risk, for a new association, at a time when older and more experienced ones had failed to meet their expenses; but the experimental ball of our Caledonian friends was a decided success, the attendance being much larger than had been even anticipated by the most zealous workers in the club. The members appeared in their highland costumes, some of which were of the most beautiful description, and set off the fine, manly forms of their wearers to the greatest advantage. Among these were the worthy Chief and ex-Chief of the Club, Capt. Manson, and Alexander Fraser; our respected friend, John Sutherland, third chieftain; and the following clansmen: John Parker, Rob't. McNie, Duncan Miller, John R. Fraser, Thos. McDoughal, and a host of others whose names we could not learn. We presume there must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy Highland costumes in the room at one time, which, with the tartan scarfs, and brilliant dresses of the ladies, combined to make a bright and pleasing *ensemble*.

The Highland Guard was ably represented in the persons of Lieut. Bruce, Sergt. Brown, Corporal Grant, and a number of privates. We also noticed "brithers" Thomas Park, of the Burns Cottage, Quinn, Macpherson, the clever teacher of the Terpsichorean Art, Hutchinson, a "gude man and true," albeit the loss of a leg precluded him from taking a part in the dance. The press and publishers also had their representatives in the persons of Messrs. Frank Leslie, Thompson, Tousey, Jones, our humble self, etc., who all seemed to enter into the festivities of the occasion with becoming zest. The ladies, too, were present in sufficient numbers to give additional interest to the *fete*, and the "bonnie lasses of the twa warlds" vied with the sons of "Auld Scotia" and those of the "New World" in making the festive occasion one of pleasure and happiness to all present. Among other attractions of the evening was the celebrated "Scotch Piper," Mr. Cleland, whose inspiring strains almost carried us away to the "Land o' Cakes." The following is a copy of the

"ORDER OF DANCING."

1	Promenade	The Garb of Old Gaul
2	Scotch Reel	Bag Pipes, W. Cleland
3	Quadrille	The Highlanders
4	Quadrille, Cheat and Jig	Comin' thro' the Rye
5	Waltz, Schottische and Polka	Selected
6	Scotch Reel	Neil Gow
7	Quadrille	Bonnie Dundee
8	Spanish Dance	Old Scotland, I Love Thee
9	Scotch Reel	Tulloch Gorum
10	Esmeralda and Varsovienne	Esmeralda
11	Quadrille, March	Willie, we have mis'd you
12	Quadrille	Robertson's Fire Set
13	Scotch Reel	The Braes o' Tullymet
14	Quadrille, Basket	Royal Scotch

INTERMISSION.

15	Promenade	Caledonian Club March
16	Scotch Reel	W. Cleland, Bag Pipes
17	Quadrille	Bonnie Prince Charley
18	Waltz, Polka, Redowa	Nymph of the Wave
19	Quadrille, Star	Free and Easy
20	Scotch Reel	The Miller O' Drone
21	Quadrille, Cheat and Jig	Cameronians
22	Spanish Dance	Jock o' Hazledean
23	Redowa, Schottische and Mazourka	Money Musk
24	Scotch Reel	Lady Mary Ramsay
25	Quadrille	Edinburgh
26	Country Dance	Patronelle
27	Quadrille	Anvil Chorus
28	Waltz and Schottische	Ocean Dream
29	Scotch Reel	Carrick's Rant
30	Family Set	The Laird o' Killoogie

FLOOR MANAGERS.

ALEXANDER FRASER, 1st Chieftain. JOHN R. HUNTER, Clansman.

At "a wee sma' hour ayont the twal," a goodly company of footmen "might have been seen wending their way" to an apartment other than the ball-room. Here met the "Chieftain," the "Clansman," and the "Press"-men, and here flowed the sparkling liquid in "copious draughts." Toasts were drunk, sentiments offered, speeches made, and mirth and jollity reigned "o'er all of us" for the time being. Supper was next partaken of, and then recommenced the dancing, Alex'r Fraser giving, as a sort of prelude, the "Sword Dance," which received well-merited marks of approbation. This was followed by the "Highland Fling," danced by Miss Miller, a pupil of friend Macpherson—it was artistically rendered, and the applause that greeted the lady during, and at the close of the dance, was sufficient evidence of the favor with which it was witnessed. We left soon after, the company then being in the height of its enjoyment. To Captain Manson, Messrs. Sutherland, Fraser, and the club generally, we are indebted for many attentions during the evening. In the language of "Auld Scotia," "may the Caledonian Club ne'er want a cozie bield—brats o'claes—siller i' their pouch, an' a fu' girnel, a wee drappy to weet their wizen—an' health an' content to enjoy them."

SONS OF MALTA.—"Pro Patria Lodge," No 1, I. O. S. M., gave their first annual ball, on Wednesday evening, 10th inst., at the City Assembly Rooms. A numerous assemblage of the "brothers," *and* their "sisters," convened to do honor to the initial performance of the order in the ball room. The arrangements had been made with great care and taste, and were ably carried out by the Managers. Brother H. B. Dodworth and his excellent band furnished the music, and as the programme of dancing and music, together with a list of the different committees, may not be without interest, now that the "Sons" are making such rapid strides in public favor, we annex a copy of the same:

ORDER OF DANCING.

PART I.

1	March—Sons of Malta	Let the Band strike up
2	Quadrille	The Welcome
3	Quadrille, Cheat and Jig	Irish Airs
4	Waltz and Schottische	Dodworths
5	Quadrille	We are a Band of Brothers
6	Sicilian Circle	If I had a Donkey
7	Polka and Varsovienne	Dodworths
8	Quadrille, March	The Bold Privateer
9	Rustic Reel	He does not object
10	Esmeralda and Mazourka	Dodworths
11	Quadrille, Lancers	The Maltese Cross
12	Quadrille	The Rugged Path
13	Polka	The Grand Chancellor
14	Promenade	The Good Things of Life

PART II.

15	March	Love Not
16	Quadrille, Basket	Sons and Daughters
17	Polka and Schottisch	Selected
18	Quadrille, Jig	Crow Airs
19	Spanish Dance	Power of Numbers
20	Waltz and Esmeralda	Bro. Leonard's Favorite
21	Quadrille	He rides Postillion
22	Quadrille, Minuet	The Mystic Dance
23	Varsovienne and Mazourka	Dodworths
24	Quadrille	I dearly love a Son of Malta
25	Virginia Reel	Haste to the Wedding
26	Quadrille	Our time is short
27	Quadrille	The Departure
28	March, Home	We hope you are satisfied

FLOOR MANAGERS.—RED CROSS

Bro. S. E. Gardner,	Bro. C. J. Kelly,
" L. F. Harrison,	" J. McKibbin,
" Douglas Taylor,	" J. T. Stewart,
" John Darcie,	" John Burtis,
" Julius Johnson,	" M. Rosevelt,
" H. B. Phillips,	" A. G. Buell,
" A. D. Renton,	" E. K. Collins, Jr.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.—BLUE CROSS.

Bro. James Leonard,	Bro. J. A. Hardenbrook,
" Isaac Edwards,	" G. B. Wooldridge,
" George G. Barnard,	" T. T. Bloomer,
" R. B. Connolly,	" Wm. Miner,
" Ed. C. West,	" John Quackenbush,
" Wm. M. Tweed,	" J. W. Mead,
" Henry J. Brent,	" Charles G. Cornell,
" Wm. Dodge,	" Wm. Merrifield.

COMMITTEE OF STEWARDS.—WHITE CROSS.

Bro. C. W. Campbell,	Bro. Edwin Luff,
" J. H. Perkins,	" Wm. N. Brown,
" J. G. Keator,	" Sidney D. Nicholls,
" Sidney Cooke,	" A. C. Vandewater,
" F. C. Quevedo,	" Gregory Connor,
" S. A. Pierce,	" George L. Green,
Bro. John Lydecker.	

POLICE COMMITTEE.—RED AND WHITE CROSS.

Bro. George W. Dilks,	Bro. George W. Jackson,
" Robert J. Brown,	" John Dilks,
" Jas. A. P. Hopkins,	" J. E. Farnum,
" Francis C Speight,	" Peter Squires,
" George H. Clark,	" George Caulfield.

GENERAL COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—RED AND BLUE CROSS.

Bro. James B. Devoe,	Bro. Samuel Osgood,
" Daniel W. Norris,	" John G. Armour,
" John Clancy,	" Alfred Chancellor,
" E. L. Davenport,	" R. T. Hazle,
" Alanson S Jones,	" F. B. O'Keefe,
" F. J. A. Boole,	" William Proch.

Bro. H. W. GENET, Chairman.

Bro. S. E. GARDNER, Secretary.

PROGRESS OF THE PRIZE FIGHTING BILL.—Already has the bill to punish prize fighters (noticed in our last,) been favorably reported upon by the committee to whom it was referred. If equal haste were exhibited in matters of real public interest, as has been manifested in rushing this bill through, our representatives would be entitled to the credit of earning their salaries, but such is not the case. Had our pugilistic friends a little of that "filthy lucre" we hear so much about, they might fight these wiseacres in the Assembly with their own weapons. Money's the God of our representatives; show them a well-filled purse, and they'll soon come to terms. Our friends, being without a fair supply of this one thing needful, can make no fight—hence the haste displayed in reference to the bill to punish "prize fighters who fight without deadly weapons." Our pugilistic friends are sought after about election times, but not one of those whom they have served and assisted in electing, have now a word to say in their favor.

THE DOG QUESTION.—Our rulers at Albany have had quite a debate on the subject of the canine species, since our last, and, from the views expressed, we should not be surprised if "old dog Tray" were still permitted to wag his tail without let or hindrance. Instead of declaring the whole race of dogs a nuisance, as had first been proposed, a proposition has been substituted, fixing a tax of $10 upon each and every member of caninedom. The subject has not yet been definitely settled, the members requiring more time before giving a verdict on the dog question. Well, well—every dog must have his day.

PICKING THEM OUT.—The turfites continue to point out errors in Mr. Herbert's book: "The Horse of America." As there has not been a very large edition printed, as yet, would it not be well to have the work revised and corrected by some competent authority, and a new edition struck off? Considering the labor and expense entailed in getting up a work of this kind, it seems to us that it would be better to adopt our suggestion than to suffer a loss through inability to dispose of the work on account of the errors contained in it.

TRICKS AND TRAPS.—A little volume, bearing the title of "Tricks and Traps of New York," being No. 1, of a series of illustrated works upon the vices and follies of the day, has just been issued from the press of Dinsmore & Co., No. 9 Spruce street, New York. The price is but 10 cents.

CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA NEWS.—Through the enterprise of Mr. J. W. Feeks, of No. 18 Ann street, our citizens may now be enabled to procure the various newspapers published in those far off regions, Oregon, California, Australia, and other remote quarters of the globe. Subscriptions and orders are received by Mr. Feeks, and papers delivered on the arrival of every steamer. As it has heretofore been a difficult matter to procure the latest dates of papers published in those places, it is to be hoped that the public will second the enterprising agent in his efforts to establish a permanent agency in this city.

IMPROVING A RACE TRACK.—The Franklin Trotting Park, at Saugus, Massachusetts, promises to be a fine resort for fast horses and fast men. It is said that the track is to be graded with gravel a foot deep, and increased in length to one mile, and also that the proprietors intend to offer a premium of $400 per month to be competed for. One thousand shade trees are to be set around the track.

SALE OF A TROTTER.—Benjamin Thurston, Esq., of Lowell, Massachusetts, the former owner of old Black Hawk, has sold his trotting bay gelding, Robin, to a gentleman in Philadelphia for the sum of $2,000. He was purchased two years ago for $275.

THE RING.

GLOVE MATCH

BETWEEN

JIM BROWN AND PAT HAROLD, AT ST. LOUIS.

IN consequence of a challenge from Pat Harold to James Brown, these parties met at Washington Hall, St. Louis, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th, for a match with gloves, at $50 a side. "A small but appreciative audience," composed of the fancy and admirers of the manly art, assembled to witness the match, and we may here remark that everything went off in a quiet and harmonious manner.

At 8½ P. M., the seconds met to settle preliminaries, and the veteran Izzy Lazarus being present, he was—to use the words of a pious amateur present, unanimously chosen as moderator of the conference; Harry Lazarus acting as umpire for Brown, and John Lazarus in the same capacity for Harold.

At 8¾ P. M., Harold shied his tile, and entered, Brown following. They shook hands, and gave the audience an opportunity of viewing their proportions. Harold is a good looking young fellow, with a fresh and rather modest face. He looked fatter than Brown, but still seemed to have the advantage in muscle; Brown is well put up about the shoulders, but rather thin in the calves; he has a powerful neck, and a regular fighting mug.

Time was called by the Patriarch, and the "byes" toed the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Brown led off with his left, but was short; Harold returned and reached Brown's chin; in the rally, Jim got in a nasty uppercut, but was thrown.

2. Brown let go with his left, and was short, but his right reached Pat's ribs with a sounder, Pat returning on the chin; again and again Jim repeated his manœuvre, astonishing, but not discouraging Pat, and finally closing, threw Harold. Brown's superiority as a boxer was now evident, but Harold's superior strength was also apparent.

3. Brown again led off short with his left, reaching Pat's ribs with his right. This he did twice, receiving a severe facer the second time; in the close Pat threw Brown a heavy fall in the best style.

4. Jim led off; Pat parried one or two facers in good style, but at length accepted one that would not be denied, and closing, threw Jim heavily.

5. Exchanges on the body in Jim's favor, but Pat's wrestling was too much for him, and he went down.

6. Jim led off, got home on Pat's ribs, receiving a facer in return. In the close, both fell.

7. Brown got in his favorite ribber, but Pat made him stagger from a return on his mug; Jim down.

8. Repetition of 7.

9. Brown endeavored to avoid the close, and sent his pet to Pat's ribs again and again, besides giving him a few in the face, getting none in return; both down.

10. Harold seemed to blow somewhat, and Brown administered the gruel right and left, body and mug; in the close, Pat was down. Brown's superior science evident to all.

11. Repetition of 10.

12. Pat a little steadier from the care of his seconds, Enoch Davis and Charley Holmes; exchanges in favor of Jim, who was thrown at the close.

13. Brown slipped and fell almost before a pass was made.

14. Jim reached Pat's "chist" with his right, got a little one back, and then closed and threw Pat.

15. Jim led off with a tremendous blow on the mark, which, given with the naked fist, might have told the tale. After several ribbers from Jim, they closed, broke loose, exchanged blows without effect, closed again, and Pat was thrown.

16. The usual body blows from Jim, and slight returns from Pat; Brown thrown.

17. Brown reached Pat's mug with his left heavily; Pat countered well, but was thrown at the close.

18. Brown still had the advantage in the out-fighting, and at the close threw Harold. A claim of foul was made by Harold's side, but the portly referee told them to "go on."

19. Jim led off, getting home on Pat's body and nut very heavily; Pat gave him as good as he sent, and, closing with Brown, threw him a terrific fall, and came down upon him straight, almost driving him through the floor. Brown's seconds raised him quickly, but his head fell over, and the gentlemen of the Milesian persuasion raised a hallelujah of "he's licked," "he's licked," "hooray for Harold." Brown's seconds, Frank Mason and another, used every effort to bring him round, and when time was called for round

20. Jim came slowly and groggily up to the scratch; Pat stood looking at him for a moment, as if undecided, until Enoch Davis shouted "go in and finish him," when he darted forward and planted a smashing left-hander on the mug, which laid the gallant Brown flat.

21. Brown, though scarcely able to walk, gamely toed the chalk mark, and let fly his left, but missed, when Harold seized him, and threw him.

22. Brown, game as a pebble, again faced the warlike music, and the same thing was gone over as in round 21.

23. Brown again staggered up and let go his left, and again Harold seized him and gave him a tremendous fall. The gallant Jim was borne senseless to his corner; his star had set for that evening, and Frank Mason threw up the sponge when Izzy called the time. The fight lasted 35 minutes.

REMARKS.

This fight was won by wrestling. Hard blows on a hard floor require a harder head than most men possess, and as Jim recieved plenty of these, he was licked. Both men fought gallantly and well, and we need not remark that umpires and referee did their duties well. This affair will probably result in a challenge, and may be a fight, in which case a different tale may have to be told.

Yours, &c., ILLINOIS.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1858.—In looking over the columns of the CLIPPER of this week, I find a challenge, which I accept, from Owen Toner, to fight him for fun or money, and charges me with blowing; but to show him who is the blower I will fight him for $50 or $100. If Owen Toner means fight he will find man and money ready at Jas. T. Callender's Hotel, where the match can be made. DAN. MCALEER,

Boss Oysterman.

CHALLENGE TO JOHN GOLDEN.—I, John Dwyer, will fight John Golden for $150 or $200 a side, to fight at catch weight, within three or four weeks from the first deposit, or from drawing up articles. A deposit left at the CLIPPER Office will be covered immediately, and the match can be proceeded with at once.

A CHANCE.—It is said that the sporting men of this city would like to see some sport—if so, let them subscribe a purse of $25 or more, and I will fight any of the feather weights for it, the fight to come off in one week from the time published. My weight is now 125 lbs.; my fighting weight is 108 lbs. As I have nothing to do now, I would be thankful if any gentleman would accept this offer. I can be seen at Michael Tomey's, corner of Sixth street and Avenue C, any evening this week, where the arrangements can be made, and the articles drawn up. WILLIAM TOAL, alias Derry Youth.

SPARRING.

JACK ADAMS' EXHIBITION.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th, Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall was well filled with admirers of the fistic art, assembled to witness the sports of the evening on the occasion of old Jack Adams' benefit. It was a rare night's sport—consisting not only of sparring, but also several "turn-ups" with members of the canine ring, together with dancing, and singing; and all included for the ordinary price of an exhibition. We would here remark, that if any individual has an animal he wants to try, from a rat to an elephant, he is sure to get accommodated at Harry Jennings; and no matter how much a stranger he may be, he is sure to get fair play *there*. Of Ould Jack, little need be said, as every one knows him who attends these little gatherings—for we were never at one yet where he was not there, (if in the city) ready either to spar, or assist in any other way. He's only a little 'un in stature, but quite a big 'un in the use of his mawleys. Among the principal set-tos were:

1st. TOM MACK and a FRIEND, who made a very creditable display.

2d. FLETCHER and JOINER JACK.—Fletcher is the most experienced, being an old hand at the business, while Jack has only of late been heard of in connection with boxing affairs. He's a splendid built young fellow, and will yet shine if he takes proper care of himself. Jack is rather impetuous, and can't wait, but always wants to be at work, and invariably rushed in at Fletcher—and when he did so, he nearly always got worsted, as the least move on either side by Fletcher would not only keep him out of harm's way, but frequently caused Jack to fall forward against the sides of the pit. In fact, he completely overreaches himself, and loses his balance. A little practice in throwing out the dumb-bells will soon remedy this, however. He's a very hard hitter, for, when he *did* get home, he knocked his man completely off his pins.

3d. JOHNNY O'NEIL and NED HOLT.—In this case, Holt was much the heaviest, and possessed of more stamina. From the very first it was evident he had made up his mind to demolish Johnny—for, on feeling, he rushed in after the style of a dragoon, which completely surprised Johnny. On account of the great difference in weight, it was supposed he would "play light." But Johnny, who is a regular bantam, didn't grumble, but shook himself together, and followed suit. His activity generally enabled him to get out of the way; he would also wait for the attack, and used his right beautifully. He succeeded in painting Ned's physog of a bright vermilion hue, which did not at all improve his appearance. He also gave a knock down blow. Ned Holt is also a very fine sparrer, but he rushes in too freely. The idea of sparring exhibitions is to show the advantage of science—in hitting, stopping and getting away—*not* milling.

4th. JOHNNY AARON and TOM CHURCHILL.—This was a regular glove encounter—both men on the "slashing" principle. Johnny got in some nasty upper cuts, and sent in his favorite double with stunning effect several times. For our part, we can't see how a man not Johnny's weight can stand up against them. It was also astonishing to see how cool and skilful he was in releasing himself in close quarters. Tom showed off very well with such an opponent as Johnny. They were at it near half an hour.

5th. JOHNNY ROACH and TOM MACK.—Tom is a large, powerful man, and a very clever boxer, but Johnny is altogether too quick for him—he not only succeeded in stopping nearly all Tom's blows, but returned on him right and left. He is a very graceful sparrer, and always in good humor.

6th. SCOTTY and OLD JACK.—It is remarkable how a man as old as Jack Adams appears to be, can handle the gloves so well. He's about as lively as any of the younger "pugs," and this, added to his great experience, enables him to cope with any body that wishes to try him. Notwithstanding the shortness of his arms, he frequently planted some thwacking hits on Scotty's "mug." Of his manœuvring, it is useless to speak, as every one knows he has hardly his equal in tricks and dodges. Jack has too much experience for Scotty, who is a very good sparrer when opposed to a younger man, and one who will rally with him. This concluded the sparring portion of the evening.

Afterwards, there were several trials of dogs. It is surprising how a little bull pup will attack another dog of twice its weight—and this its first turn-up, too. But we had an instance of it here, where the little one completely drove the older dog all round the pit. This was kept up till a late hour, when they adjourned to the bar-room, and there enjoyed themselves by break-down dancing and singing. Among the principal ones was Johnny Aaron, who is equally good in dancing, and sparring. As Jack Adams remarked of him: "He's the jolliest hold crow alive!" In the small hours of the morning might be seen a great cloud of sports wending their way homeward, well satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

NED JAMES.

BARNEY LUNNEY'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.—This affair came off on Thursday night, 11th instant, at Kerrigan's Head-quarters, No. 22 White street, and, judging from the very numerous attendance, must have proved a *benefit*, in every sense of the word, to Barney Lunney, the popular beneficiare. There was a capital muster of both professors and amateurs of the "manly art," and there was, consequently, no lack of sparrers. The Right Rev. Father Tovee officiated as Master of the Ceremonies, and that circumstance was a guarantee that the details of the affair were admirably managed. Young Cahoo and White, of New York, first donned the mits, and were succeeded by Tom Mackie and Jack Moore, who made an excellent set-to; the former is a good sparrer, stops well, and can hit hard, but was not so active on his pins as his opponent, who was thus enabled, in some measure, to equalize the disparity of science between them. Tom Barry, of Brooklyn, and Johnny Reed, of New York, followed, and their essay gave great satisfaction. After "two friends," (who declined giving their names, and very judiciously, as the publicity would not have increased their reputation as glove sparrers,) had knocked each other about, "Shorty," of New York, and Barr, mounted the stage, and at once commenced, in a spirit of earnestness, to "pitch into" each other; the former had decidedly the best of it. Maguire and Jim Giddings next set-to, but we cannot speak very highly of their abilities in the use of the gloves, and the company gladly saw them replaced by Young Costello and Jim McCarthy. Some good sparring was now exhibited, and we think both those parties manifested great improvement in the art since we last witnessed them set-to. Phil Clare and the Unknown, of Brooklyn, came next, and met with a hearty reception. The former is highly and deservedly popular as a boxer of long standing in this city, and in consequence of the challenge of the latter to Coburn, some time ago, the same degree of interest to witness this set-to was manifested as when they set-to on the same stage on the occasion of Clare's benefit a short time ago. Both were cautious in leading off and giving an opening, and when Phil did put in his right he was prettily stopped by his opponent, who got home in return. Indeed, although Phil Clare is regarded as one of our smartest boxers, yet in the Unknown he met one who was fully his equal in knowledge of science, and, from his youth, superior to him in personal activity. This was, in reality, the best set-to of the evening, and met with general applause. Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Fenton, of Manchester, were the next comers; the latter was a complete novice, quite over-matched in being opposed to the accomplished Brooklynite, who took advantage of the disparity by battering his opponent in a manner more satisfactory to the giver than the recipient, who lost his temper, although this circumstance did not advantage him in the least. Barney Lunney and Old Tovee next put on the gloves; the beneficiare and the gallant veteran were received with a round of applause by the assemblage. They made an excellent set-to, as also did Jim Irving and Jack Adams, who succeeded them. The wind-up was between Johnny Roach and Scotty, of Brooklyn, and the set-to between those men was anticipated with interest. It proved, however, a very moderate affair, as Scotty, when he found himself more equally matched than in his encounter with Fenton, displayed a degree of caution that effectually prevented any display of that science which they both acknowledgely possess in a high degree. The veteran Master of Ceremonies, in appropriate terms, returned the thanks of Barney to those who had favored him with their presence and patronage.

There was a display of clog and hornpipe dancing also, during the evening, but as we do not consider such exhibitions, however interesting they may be to those who admire them, as belonging legitimately to Sparring Exhibitions, we do not think it necessary to notice them.

BENEFIT OF MICK HICKEY.—This event came off at Mr. Butler's, Chelsea-Manor Rooms, corner of Twenty-fifth street and Ninth avenue, on Monday, February 15th, and was a creditable affair. The following is the order of sparring: Young McCannon and Young Shiner; Mr. Love and Young Costello, very clever on both sides; McCabe and Young Murphy, pleased the company very much; Tom Curry and Con Fitzgerald, John Roony and Young Jem Irvin; next came the Albany Tipton, a real comical fellow, and Young Costello; this was a very laughable affair, as there was no knowing which end the Tipton was going to hit with, for he could kick as easy as he could hit, which caused great laughter; Shorty and Young Murphy were next, and an excellent glove fight it was; Mr. McKenna next appeared and gave a dance, when Mr. James Gillon was loudly called for and gave a most excellent dance, and received great applause. Mr. Tovee then stated that as Mr. Hickey's mother had recently died, it would not be prudent for him to set-to. Con Folley and Dick Nolan volunteered to wind-up the sports of the evening, and made a very good set-to. Old Bill Tovee then returned thanks on behalf of Mr. Hickey, and also announced that Young Costello would take a benefit at Mr. McLaughlin's Room, in First avenue, on Thursday, February 25th.

NOTICE.—Conn Quin and Jonas Fox are requested to return the boxing gloves which they borrowed of Mr. Moore, No. 41 Second street, Wilmington, in October last, and took away without asking the consent of the owner. As they have now retained them a sufficient length of time, they are desired to forward them to Mr. John Marriott, No. 31 Rosevelt street, New York, without further notice.

JACK ADAMS has made arrangements with Harry Jennings, of the Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, to open a select sparring school every Saturday evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Canine sports the same evening. A good supply of rats always on hand.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GRINDELL'S BENEFIT.—On Thursday evening of this week, February 18th, a benefit will be given Mr. John Grindell, champion pedestrian, at the National Circus, in the Bowery, near Hester street. A variety of attractions will be offered for the patronage of the public, and it is hoped that a crowded house will greet Mr. Grindell on the occasion. In addition to various ring performances, there will be several foot races, and a variety of jig dancing. Among the jig dancers who have volunteered, are Mickey Warren, Billy Quinn, (by permission of the Brothers Bryant,) Hank Mason, Master Heddon, and others. As we stated in our last, four prizes will be awarded for foot races, as follows: A Silver Goblet and Cup to the first and second amateurs' in the race of fifteen circuits of the arena, and a Silver Goblet and Cup to the winners in the mile race. For the amateurs' race there have already entered the following runners, viz: P. H. Langstaff, Edward A. Leland, S. Wilson, Alexander Stewart, Simon Noland, Francis Altinelli, and Thomas Holland. For the mile race, Thomas McCort, (*alias* the Yankee Boy,) Thomas Holland, and S. Wilson have entered. It is also expected that a three-mile match, for $25 a side, will be decided during the evening between John Grindell and Townsend. Altogether, the entertainment will doubtless be very interesting. Leak's Opera Troupe have also volunteered. John Morris, J. Agin, and "Indian," have also entered for the races.

WALKING FEAT IN CLEVELAND.—A man calling himself Oliver Trainor came to this city some ten days, or two weeks ago, and advertised that he would walk 115 hours, for a purse of $100, on a plank three feet wide and three feet from the floor, without stopping to rest, falling off, or going to sleep. Well, he rented National Hall, and charged 15 cents admittance, and commenced walking on Tuesday, the 2d inst., and kept it up until Saturday evening, 6th inst. He was attended by his wife. A great many visited the hall from time to time, and he must have realized a very handsome sum by the admittance fee; but that there was any purse of $100, or that he or any one bet $100, was believed by but precious few. Well, he did not accomplish it according to his advertisement. He was there until about 11 o'clock Saturday evening. He stopped several times, as numbers who were in there will certify to, myself among the rest; got off the plank, or rather table, and walked along side on the floor, resting one hand on the table every step he took. This I saw myself about 10 o'clock Friday evening. I afterwards went in the same night at 12 o'clock with some friends who had some slight bets, and they were satisfied that he stopped two or three times while they were there, as he commenced bantering with them for bets that he would accomplish his task; he then was walking on the floor; and they were satisfied it was one grand humbug. I understand he stopped in the early part of Saturday evening, and went (apparently) to sleep. Again he staggered about, and the spectators pronounced him drunk; his wife made out to arouse him after a while, and set him in motion. A gentleman in this city offered to bet $500 to $250 he could not walk 100 hours honestly without sleep or rest. People will be humbugged. But enough. Yours as ever,

Cleveland, Feb. 13. CLEVELANDER.

ELSON'S PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—Buffalo, Feb. 14, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:*—As a great many of my friends and acquaintances express themselves unbelievers as to the fact of my having performed the feat of walking, without stopping, for the space of *one hundred hours*, I take the liberty of informing them through the medium of your paper, that I have performed *the feat* for the *third time*, in Buffalo, a week ago—and am going to commence it again on Tuesday, the 23d February, in the city of Buffalo, when any of my sceptical friends will have another opportunity of testing my powers of endurance. $50 have been bet against my $30.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing some of those sporting gentlemen who offered to give $200 to any man who could perform the feat honestly, without sleep or rest, as I feel confident of being able to prove to them and the world at large that I am no impostor.

To give all an opportunity of witnessing the performance of the feat, admission will be free from 12 o'clock midnight, till 6 o'clock in the morning. Should I be successful in accomplishing my feat for the fourth time in America, I will then challenge any man in the United States to walk against me on the plank, or will walk further in *six successive days* (*twelve hours to the day*) than any man or horse in the world. I also will walk 13 miles in two hours.

Griffin of Boston can be accommodated to run against me, for ten miles, and will give him 15 yards start, for $100 a side. A match can be made by letter, or, if any of Griffin's friends should be handy, by calling upon me at Mr. R. Sully's, New England Hotel, Michigan street, Buffalo. I am willing to pay Griffin's expenses to run in Buffalo, (and give him $20) or, to accept the same terms from him; to run at any place he may propose. I shall be ready to run in six weeks time from now. Fancying I did not have fair play exactly in my former match with Griffin, as I was a stranger in the country, and not being in a fit state of health at the time, I now issue this challenge to gain the confidence of my friends in Boston once more.

Mr. Robt. Underwood, of Mass., can be accommodated to walk seven miles, for $50 a side, or $100 a side; address as above to me, at R. Sully's Hotel, &c.

I am 22 years of age, height 5 feet 4 in., and weigh 136 lbs. I am a pupil of Mr. John Mountjoy, the celebrated English pedestrian, of world wide fame.

Yours, &c., ALFRED ELSON,
The "London Antelope."

GREAT WALKING FEAT IN LOWELL.—One of the most extraordinary feats of walking took place at Appleton Hall, in Lowell, commencing Tuesday, Feb. 9th, at 12 o'clock M., and was performed by P. J. Buckley, better known as the "Lynn Buck," for a wager of $500 a side; the "Buck" agreeing to walk 105 hours on a plank three feet wide, and forty feet long, without sleep. The agreement was that the walker should have for rest ten minutes in every twelve hours, and had he taken the time thus allowed him, would have accomplished the feat at 9 o'clock, Saturday evening.

The amount of time taken by him for rest during the walk was as follows:

On Wednesday	3 minutes	On Friday	12 minutes
On Thursday	3 "	On Saturday	11 "
Making a total of			29 minutes.

The whole time allowed for rest was eighty-seven and one-half minutes. The consequence was, that, taking into consideration the time not taken by the walker, the feat was performed at one and half minutes past eight P. M., Saturday. But in order to convince the Lowelites that he could hold out still longer if necessary, he continued to walk till fourteen minutes to nine o'clock, at which time he left the plank quite fresh, and accompanied by his friends (which were numerous) walked to the hotel some half mile from the hall.

Some of our most respectable citizens, doubting the ability of Buckley to perform the task which he had undertaken, engaged the services of competent persons who kept watch both day and night, thereby affording no chance to the walker to leave the plank, or to sleep, and one and all acknowledged that the feat was honestly and fairly performed. Buckley, on Sunday morning, looked hale and hearty, and felt confident that he could perform the same feat over again with ease.

During the walking, the Hall was visited by large numbers of people, and on Friday evening some 300 persons were in attendance, and remained throughout the entire night. On Saturday evening the excitement was immense, the Hall was completely thronged, and the street was crowded by the people anxious to obtain admittance to the Hall, but who were destined to be disappointed.

It will be seen that in reality Buckley walked on the plank 105 hours 44 minutes and 30 seconds, exclusive of walking one half a mile to the hotel.

Buckley now is willing to perform the same feat for from $100 to $500; the walking to take place in Lowell in four weeks or more from date; the terms to be similar to those of the last walk. Man and money may be found at the Exchange Coffee House, Lowell, Mass.

Lowell, Feb. 15, 1858. JAMES FOLEY.

PLANK WALKING.—Flora Temple, female pedestrian, pupil of James Lambert, is matched for $100 to walk fifty hours, without rest or sleep, stake to be deposited in Lambert's hand on Thursday evening. Time of starting to be arranged by stakeholders at the same time. The preliminaries are about being settled for a match to come off the 1st of March, in New York. Time, fifty hours: Stake $500. Lambert is still open to match Flora Temple to walk any woman one mile an hour, at $1000 a side. DAN.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Having seen in the last CLIPPER a challenge from a novice in Philadelphia, to run me 700 yards, me giving him 60 yards start, and not wishing to run so short a distance, I offer him the following terms: I will run him 2, 3, or 5 miles, giving him 100 yards in 2 miles, or 200 yards in 5 miles—the race to be for $50 a side. If this suits, a deposit left with the Editor of the CLIPPER will be covered by me.

Yours, &c., YOUNG SPORT, *alias* Wm. Nichols.

PLANK WALKING.—Flora Temple, female pedestrian, pupil of James Lambert, is matched for $100 to walk fifty hours without rest or sleep; stake to be deposited in Lambert's hands on Thursday evening; time of starting to be arranged by the stakeholders at the said time. The preliminaries are about being settled for a match to come off the 1st of March, in New York. Time, fifty hours. Stake, $500. Lambert is still open to match Flora Temple to walk any woman one mile an hour, at $1,000 a side. DAN.

JAMES LAMBERT, of Boston, has been walking a 100 hours match, at W. C. Dole's Sparring Hall, Portland, Me., and finished at half-past nine Saturday night, amid the cheers of 400 people.

FLORA BALL.—We are glad to learn that it is the intention of the friends of Mr. Larry Hyer to give him a complimentary ball, at the Chinese Assembly rooms, Broadway, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25. We heartily hope that his friends will muster in great force on the occasion, and give Larry what he so well deserves, a "bumper" benefit. Tickets may be procured at the principal houses of resort in Broadway, and at the doors of the Rooms.

IS IT SO?—It is said that one of the most zealous advocates in favor of declaring dogs a nuisance, has admitted that his hostility to the canine race is purely of a personal character, one of these quadrupeds having bitten him nearly fifteen years ago. The venom is just beginning to take effect, we opine. Let his fellow-members of the Assembly "beware of the mad dog."

HORSE SHOES AGAIN.—Lynn, Feb. 12, 1857.—ED. CLIP: Seeing in your paper of this week an account of a feat in making horse shoes, I would state that a young man of our city made 246 horse shoes in one day, having on the day previous made 119 in the afternoon, working at the rate of 10 hours per day. The name of the party who accomplished this labor is John H. Neal, who thus throws "Frosty Whiskers" in the shade. Yours, W. HADLEY WEBSTER.

ANOTHER REGATTA IN CALIFORNIA.—Another rowing regatta came off in the Harbor of San Francisco, on New Year's Day. The boats started from Jackson-Street Wharf, rounded the north end of Goat Island, thence around the south end and back to the place of starting, for a purse of $100. Each boat measured nineteen feet, Whitehall pattern, rowed with nine-feet sculls, no cover over the boat, no rudder used, and rowed by only one man. The strong breeze which prevailed was not very agreeable, and to a great degree retarded the efforts of the rowers. The match was won by the Greenhorn, rowed by John Parker. The following is the report of the judges:

Boats.	Rowers.	Time.
Greenhorn	John Parker	1h 3m 5s
Merry Mac	T. Barber	1h 4m 2s
Captain H. Purdy	James Blood	1h 5m 0s
Captain Hutchinson	H. Rogers	1h 3m 7s

AQUATICS.

ROWING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—DAW AND DECKER.—The match between these celebrated oarsmen, which promised, if brought to a successful issue, to decide the mooted question as to the Championship, has terminated, we are sorry to state, in a forfeit. It will be recollected that at the making of the match, in November last, articles were signed, and $50 a side deposited as part of a forfeit of $500 a side, the total amount of the stakes being fixed at $1,000 a side. The remainder of the forfeit money, $450 a side, was to have been deposited on the evening of the 14th instant, at the house of Mr. William Allen, No. 474 Broadway. Accordingly, Messrs. Decker and Daw, with a number of their respective friends and backers, met together at the place and time appointed, and when it was proposed to put up the money, the point was raised as to whose hands the money was to be placed in: Mr. Allen's, who held $100 already, or Mr. Hoffmire's, the latter gentleman having been named in the articles with a proviso, as final stakeholder for the remaining $500 a side of the stakes. The Decker party named Mr. Allen as the proper person to receive the balance of the forfeit money. Mr. Daw's friends objected, although Mr. Allen offered to give real-estate security to the amount of $5,000, that the money should be forthcoming, at the proper time, to the party elected to receive it. They refused to give their money into the possession of any other than Mr. Hoffmire. The Decker party deposited in the hands of Mr. Allen the additional portion of their forfeit, $450, and as the backers of Daw did not deposit the balance of their forfeit, the backers of Decker very properly claim forfeit. As the unlooked for termination of the match has naturally given rise to much dispute, we herewith annex a copy of the articles of agreement by which the match was to be governed:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1857.

We, the undersigned, do agree to row a race of five miles, in skeleton boats, in the waters known as the Harlem River; said race to take place in six months from this date. The stake to be pulled for shall be for one thousand dollars a side, making the whole two thousand dollars; the forfeit money shall be five hundred dollars a side, fifty dollars a side shall be staked on this date, and the remaining four hundred and fifty on the fourteenth day of February, 1858, at the house of Wm. Allen, 474 Broadway, between the hours of eight and twelve in the evening; the remaining five hundred to be staked on the day before the race in the hands of the final stakeholder, Mr. Joseph Hoffmire, or any other person agreed on by the parties undersigned.

his
Witness, W. H. ALLEN THOS. × DAW.
mark
LOUIS JONES for W. H. DECKER.

Although no one was actually named in the articles to receive the balance of the forfeit, yet, from the fact that both parties had entrusted Mr. Allen with a portion of the forfeit, $100, it was fair to presume that he was the proper party to receive the balance, he being the responsible proprietor of the house where the money was to have been deposited. There does not appear to us to be any ground for insisting that Mr. Hoffmire should hold the forfeit money, for he is only named, conditionally, to hold the $500 a side deposited on the day before the race; viz: "that the remaining $500 be staked on the day before the race in the hands of the final stakeholder, Mr. Joseph Hoffmire, *or any other person agreed on by the parties undersigned.*" According to our view of the case, and our construction of the articles, we consider Mr. Decker entitled to the forfeit, his money being deposited at the house mentioned, at the time specified, while Mr. Daw's was not. It is fair to add that Mr. Daw was perfectly willing to have the money given to Mr. Allen, but his backers would not accede to it.

Since the above was written we have received the following letter from Mr. Decker, by which it will be seen that he withdraws from all further matches, in order that he may the more faithfully devote his time and attention to a new vocation which he has just entered upon:

A CARD.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1858.

MR. QUEEN—*Sir:* Some five months ago I caused to be published through the columns of the CLIPPER a challenge to pull any oarsman in the world. My challenge, as you are aware, was taken notice of by Mr. Daw, of Brooklyn, who offered a second challenge, which was accepted by me. According to agreement, the respective parties met at the house of John Mosher, 79 Houston street, to make the match and draw up writings. The match was to be for $1000 a side, and the forfeit money $500, which my friends expected to put up on that occasion, but which was objected to by the opposite parties as being too much money to put up at that time, owing to the hard times and pressure in the money market; to give them a fair chance, we left it to them to name the forfeit, which they did, naming the same amount, but only staking $50 at that date, and the remaining $450 on the 14th day of February, at the house of Wm. Allen, 474 Broadway, where the parties met according to the writings. All being present on the occasion, my friends being ready with their money and eager for the making of the match, which was not so with the other party; they strongly objected to Mr. Allen holding the remainder of the forfeit, and that gentleman, in order to give entire satisfaction, offered $500 security in real estate for the stake. But that did not suit them; they contended that when the writings were drawn up Mr. Hoffmire was named to hold the next stake, which my friends emphatically deny, he being named for the final stakeholder of two thousand dollars the day before the race. What caused this drawback by the opposite party I cannot say, unless it was to crawl out of a match which they pretended they wanted to make. And now, Mr. Editor, I beg leave to state that I have taken all the necessary steps as Champion of the American waters to give all celebrated oarsmen a chance to compete with me for that title, and none seeing fit to accept it, I call out Mr. Daw, and his friends getting out of it in rather an off-hand sort of way, leaves me to know that I remain Champion of the world, and with that title I retire from the boating arena. Hereafter, I will accept of no challenge to pull a race of any kind from this date, as I have engaged in a business which requires my whole attention and time. In taking my leave of the lovers of aquatic sports, I sincerely hope that in all their respective races, all may be harmony and good will, and that it may long continue to be a healthy and delightful exercise to those who engage in it.

Yours respectfully, WILLIAM H. DECKER,
Champion of the Waters.

OPERATIONS OF THE PHILADELPHIA YACHT CLUB.—Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1858.—DEAR CLIP: At a meeting of this club, at their rooms, north west corner of Front and Union streets, on the 12th February, it was ascertained that the following yachts were formally entered in the club, viz: Wm. Megonegal, 36 feet long, represented by R. G. Wilkins; John A. Rolin, 25 feet long, by John A. Rolin; Decoy, 26 feet long, by William Megonegal; Kate Hayes, 26 feet long, by Kennedy M. Caw; Enchantress, 22 feet long, by Robert Hunt; A. B. Frazee, 18 feet long, by William Fleming. There are several other yachts on the list, which have not as yet become *bona fide* connected with the club.

The club house will be, in dimensions, 40 feet front by 35 deep, two stories high, with a handsome cupola, or observatory, veranda, &c., &c. It will be situated on Cooper's Point, with an unobstructed view of the river, and surrounded by shade trees of the most luxurious foliage. The pebble shore, and fine anchorage ground immediately in front of the house, greatly enhance the beauty and comfort of the place. Some of the most wealthy and influential citizens have contributed handsomely to the enterprize.

Yachts will be admitted in the club by the payment of one dollar per foot, each yacht being allowed one member for every two feet of her length. Contributing or individual members pay two dollars each, admittance fee, which (as in active members) covers their dues for the current year. It will be seen, therefore, that the enterprise has been gotten up in such a way that all may enjoy the same at a very limited expense. The originators of this club deserve our highest encomiums for their untiring exertions in the good work. A very great deal has been done, yet there is still more to be done before things will assume a finished aspect. The Club meet again on Saturday evening next, the 20th of February, at their rooms as above stated, when all persons favorably disposed are desired to attend. It is to be hoped every Philadelphia yacht will be represented. Any one wishing to join the Club may receive information of the same by calling on John A. Rolin, South street, above Eighth; John Wright, Second and Union; Wm. Megonegal, Eleventh street, below Vine; R. G. Wilkins, Decoy Boat House, Camden, or 51 North Eleventh street; or at the Club rooms. We trust the Editor of the CLIPPER will not withhold his countenance in this matter, inasmuch as no one sees more clearly the real importance of, or can add more to, the enterprise than himself. Yours truly, FLIPPER.

THE BLACK'S LAST FIGHT.—Up to the hour of going to press, we had received no authentic information concerning the fight between Brettle and Travis, which was to have taken place on the 26th ultimo. In our next we will give a detailed report of the battle.

BAGATELLE.—A grand game of Bagatelle will come off at the New England House, Philadelphia, on Thursday, 18th instant, for a splendid double-barrelled gun, (Tryon's make,) at three o'clock.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c. The CLIPPER also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

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It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE PROPOSED NATIONAL COCKING TOURNAMENT.

THE suggestions thrown out by "White Hackle" for a grand gathering of breeders and admirers of the game fowl, etc., are beginning to receive that attention which the subject demands, and from present indications we have every confidenee that the proposed tournament will receive the approbation and co-operation of breeders, farmers, and others throughout the country at large. PENNSYLVANIA, that good old "Keystone State," that never fails to take an interest in whatever may be brought forward for the public good, is foremost in the line of States for the "Grand National Poultry Tournament," while Virginia, that same "old Virginny that never tires" in adding her weight to mighty projects, whether for national glory, public good, or amusements for the people, nobly responds to the call, and steps boldly into line. Who will next follow the example set by Pennsylvania and Virginia? Where is New York? Have we not public spirited breeders enough in the Empire State to take an active part in the preparations now making for the contemplated tournament? We trust we shall soon hear from our friends not only in this State but from those in every locality.

The following letter from Virginia, while cordially favoring the project for the tournament, gives a "sly poke" at those who have so long given their attention to that "overgrown" nuisance, the Shanhae fowl:

GRAND NATIONAL POULTRY TOURNAMENT.

VIRGINIA, Feb. 10, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of the 6th inst., I was forced to admire the sound views of your intelligent correspondent "White Hackle," on the subject of cocking. In proposing a meeting of delegates from the different States to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 4th July next for the purpose of making arrangements for a brilliant cocking tournament, he says that "Pennsylvania is in line" on the question, and asks "who seconds the motion?" I am *authorized* to say in reply that Virginia is first to the rescue, and seconds the glorious motion. Like "White Hackle," I can recur with pleasure to a score of years back when cocking was in the zenith of its glory in this State; unfortunately, however, for this noble sport, about two years back a *villanous* importation from China was introduced into our State—a fowl under the cognomen of "Shanghae"—a cross, in my candid opinion, between the *Ostrich* and the Chinese *buzzard*, for it has the smell of the latter, as well as the *shape* and peculiarities of the former, both in its appetite, digestive abilities, and the *hiding of its head* upon the first appearance of danger. With that characteristic fondness for novelty which distinguishes our people above all other nations, they seized upon this innovation with the same avidity as they did upon the "Morus Multicaulus," and other miserable humbugs of the country; the legitimate lords of the poultry yards were ousted from their proud positions, and it was then, to use the quotation of "White Hackle" in a different sense, that "pax *manes*" did truly prevail. A few years after the introduction of this fowl, corn, as a natural consequence, sold at a very high figure—its scarcity, in my opinion, in a great degree, attributable to the *voracious* appetite and *tremendous digestive organs* of this *Ostrichian buzzard*.

Our farmers began at last to open their eyes to the true cause of the "scarcity of provisions," and—independently of the amount of food consumed by each, and the vast difference in the flavor of the two fowls for eating purposes—they have lately discovered that the flesh stripped from the bones of a *9lb. Shanghae* will *weigh no more* than that stripped from the carcass of a *7lb. game cock*. Some few gentlemen in our State—and to their credit be it said—had too high an appreciation for the game fowl and too much discernment to be imposed upon by such a "villanous compound"—they held their game fowls aloof from a contamination so revolting to the finer feelings of humanity; and patiently awaited the decline of this "monstrous imposture"—their patience has ultimately been crowned with success—the death knell of *Shanghaedom* is now pealing forth throughout the confines of the "Old Dominion;" and while penning this article I fancy that I hear, in all directions, their *hideous squalls* as the sharp knife of the executioner is applied to their tenacious jugulars—a fate so justly merited—game cocks are immediately substituted in their places, and now, instead of the doleful, protracted and *unearthly* howl of the Shanghae—sufficient to "cause the very flesh to crawl"—the shrill music of a genuine chanticleer greets the ear of the farmer at the first blush of Aurora; and, inspired by the bold and cheering sound, he leaps from his bed "resolved, with new flushed hopes" to till the fertile ground.

Game fowls are now largely on the increase, and the surplus corn, formerly devoured by the *Chinese importation* alone, suffices, in addition to the support of their successors, to fatten a good pen of hogs, and the "Old Dominion," not being satisfied with fighting her neighbors only, has boldly thrown down the gauntlet to the very *Gibralter of Cockery*, the result of which has been the closing of a main between her and Philadelphia, to be fought within two miles of Washington, D. C., on the 4th and 5th of March next; each party showing 21 cocks, for $50 a match, and $500 on the odd. On the third day, the 6th March, at the same place, she fights a main against Baltimore, each party showing 11 cocks. The characters of the principals in these two affairs, as well as the forfeits, are sufficient guarantees that things will be conducted in a proper spirit, and that the above programme will be *fully carried out*. Though Virginia may not succeed, I will venture that she "never tires" in her efforts to do so.

In addition to what "White Hackle" advises in reference to the raising of game fowls, I would suggest that no stags be selected by breeders, but such as have broad chests, with long tails, and wings that lap behind, with firm, round bodies, large muscular thighs, and the *shorter from the knee-joint to the foot the better*. This latter principle universally belongs to superiority in the animal creation, for where is the fleet horse or the active man that measures long from the knee to the ancle-joint? Without a combination of the above requisites, the form of no fowl can approximate to perfection. With regard to the manner of conducting the sports of the pit, I would advise the appointment of impartial and intelligent judges, and also that of a committee on order and decorum, and as two of the fundamental rules, that whenever a handler is detected availing himself of advantages not warranted by the rules of the pit, he should never again be allowed to act in that capacity, and that drunken, boisterous, and disorderly persons should be excluded. Should these and such like rules be uniformly and rigidly enforced, the sport of cock fighting would rise to the proud position it held "in days of yore."

Should this article be agreeable to you, Mr. Editor, you shall occasionally hear from me on this or other subjects of sporting interest. POP EYE.

CRICKET.—A CARD.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—*Sir:* My attention was directed late last week to a communication from Mr. Robert Waller, which appeared in one of your cotemporaries of 30th January, in reply to a letter bearing my signature, published in the CLIPPER four weeks ago. You will confer on me a great favor by inserting the following answer:

In the first place, I am accused of making "many misstatements." At present the public have only mine and Mr. Waller's bare words as to the truth of each other's version of the dispute in question; but I flatter myself I shall be found, on investigation, as capable of telling the truth as Mr. Robert Waller; I can produce many persons to vouch for the correctness of the remarks made in my letter.

Mr. Waller has shown his *meanness* in not publishing the question that produced the answer he received, although requested by you to do so; he is either afraid or forgets the contents of the letter; it *may* have been sent in Mr. Waller's name, but I was informed at the time that it was written by H. Lillywhite, whose brother has the control of the cricket department of "Bell's Life;" he also wrote on behalf of Mr. Waller, some time since, to the same paper, to ascertain if a man could be given "run out" for a "wide ball!!" The law expressly states that to be the only way a wicket can be obtained either for a "wide ball" or "no ball." There certainly was nothing said in the answer received by me about "yielding to umpires;" on the contrary, it shows that the umpires have not the power to extend the game beyond the time agreed upon, and in doing so exceeded their duty. If I had corresponded as often with newspapers as Mr. Waller, probably I should have avoided the mistake of placing the figures 10 6 P. M. instead of 5 50 P. M.; but the latter I contend was as near the right time as possible from where I commence my remarks as to the errors committed by the St. George's umpire; this was before the ninth man was given out; he had scarcely left the wicket (certainly not half way off the ground) before the *impetuous* Mr. Waller called for another man; and the person, although in the act of leaving the marquee, on finding Mr. Waller so clamorous, seated himself and claimed the two minutes allowed by the laws, and then it was not six o'clock; after which they had to change over, and the dispute had commenced before I walked on the ground, which I certainly did, and that, too, within a few yards of the wicket, notwithstanding Mr. Waller's *false assertion* to the contrary; and numbers can be found to prove it whose words would be taken quite as soon as Mr. Robert Waller's.

His next statement is entirely incorrect; the ball was *played* to short-leg by "Hamlyn," and I believe "Lillywhite" fielded the ball, but he had to run some distance, and any one acquainted with cricket will allow there is nothing very *miraculous* in making a run for a ball so played, especially when the long-stop had to field it; added to which, the St. George umpire has acknowledged to me the *possibility* of his being mistaken in this instance, the ground being so much worn that the crease was invisible; so that with these facts *I deny the man was out*.

I have already stated the cause of the next man not proceeding immediately to the wicket. When he arrived there he had to take the last ball of Mr. Waller's over, and gave a chance which was not accepted. Those who know Mr. Waller can best judge the *state of the gentleman* at that moment; he was fit to appeal for anything, and sure enough the first ball of the next over he appealed for a catch, although the ball was not within two inches of the bat. I should have thought that, after the advice given Mr. Waller by "Bell's Life" in reference to the *disputed match* at Philadelphia, he would at least have given those whose duty it was to appeal a chance of doing so; but in his then *excitable* state it is a little excusable.

The next remark is worthy of such a *prudent individual* as Mr. Robert Waller. He says: "he *impudently assumes* the umpire could act unfairly; fortunately, the gentleman's antecedents and long cricket experience place him far above Mr. Higham's aspersions." The gentleman referred to *may be blessed* with "long experience" (?) but he certainly has not shown it either as player or umpire. I do not forget I asked that "same umpire to accompany the United Eleven to Albany," but it was at Mr. Waller's request; another had been asked, but was obliged to decline through pressing business; it was left until Saturday afternoon, (and we were to leave on Sunday,) when Mr. Waller called on me, stating that he had to proceed to Philadelphia, and requested me to call on the gentleman in question; I did so, and he very kindly consented to act in the capacity required. That I ever expressed myself satisfied with his decisions at Albany I most emphatically deny; on the contrary, during, and after the match, I stated that I considered him too inattentive to the game; even there he gave a person out when the ball hit him near the elbow, and allowed the same man three runs when they should have been scored to "byes," and often he suffered *five*, and sometimes *six*, balls to be bowled for an over instead of four. Again, in this "disputed match," when H. Wright was caught, he decided "not out;" a similar case I believe occurred with one of our batters; and, although it was in our favor, it only goes to show the inability of the party for the post he undertook. I know the best umpires will *sometimes* err in judgment, but when four mistakes are made in one match, by one umpire, and three out of the four are in favor of one side, it makes a *very long eleven* to play against. Now, sir, this may be carrying my *impudence* a little too far; but I cannot help it, for "*facts are stubborn things*."

I am pleased to find Mr. Waller acknowledge his error over the Philadelphia match; virtually he does so in stating "there is no appeal from the decision of the umpire." It does not follow because the bowling was *collared* that it was to the interest of St. George to draw stumps; just the reverse is the case, as Mr. Waller well knows only four or five of his eleven could be present on the third day; consequently, the match would have been drawn or given up. That the bowling *was collared*, Mr. Waller going on to bowl is sufficient proof; for he is *conceited* enough to imagine he can get a wicket when *good bowling* cannot.

Mr. Waller has been so accustomed to settle things after his own fashion, that, in his concluding remarks, he thinks to extinguish me entirely. I deny that any custom is followed relative to finishing matches; once only within four years have we played beyond the stipulated time; and then it was agreed between myself and Mr. Waller, before the commencement of the last innings, that the umpires should have discretionary power as to drawing stumps, and no doubt Mr. Waller well remembers that we were compelled to finish that match when it was too dark to see where the ball was hit to when the last run was obtained; and we did manage to win, (thanks to Mr. Robert Waller's bowling.) although he was taking the credit (in perspective) of winning the match. It was at my suggestion the game was continued, and I shall always advocate the same course, when conducted properly, and not otherwise. It has been decided that the umpires had not the power to extend the game after 6 P. M. If they *were instructed*, it was by Mr. Waller, without consulting me, and I know he has *assurance* enough for anything of that kind.

I shall now show that all the *shuffling* that has been practiced has emanated from the St. George's Club. In 1856, our treasurer agreed, on behalf of New York Club, with Mr. Waller, on the part of St. George, to engage S. Wright for the season, each three days per week, with this provision: that in playing against each other S. Wright should remain neutral. Judge my surprise, therefore, just before the first match was to be played, to hear one of the principal members of St. George declare that he had never heard of such an agreement, and, if carried out, he should decline playing. Mr. Waller also denied having made such an arrangement, although I was afterwards informed he partly acknowledged it, but it was not official; at any rate, rather than the match should fall through, we waived our right, and actually had to pay a man a day's salary to assist in beating us. Now, where is the *impudent assumption?* Again, they had won but one out of six matches played since 1853, and only a sorry prospect of winning any more, when they had recourse to the expedient of enlisting professionals, viz: "Comery," engaged by the Albany Club, who is claimed as a member by St. George because he was under an engagement with them five or six years ago, and whose name they still retain on their books; Lillywhite, also, of the Staten Island Club, *who fielded that ball with great activity, and threw the wicket down; that it would indeed have been a miracle if the man was not out.* My opinion has been endorsed by "Bell's Life," and all the *audacity* Mr. Robert Waller can bring to aid him shall not alter it.

Yours respectfully, JAMES HIGHAM.

[This communication was in type last week, but was unavoidably crowded out.—ED. CLIP.]

SPORTS IN OLD BERKS.

BETTING ON HEAVY WEIGHTS.

CITY OF READING, Feb. 8, 1858.

CONSIDERABLE excitement reigned among the hog fanciers this day. Betting on mammoth hogs has been quite fashionable among the sporting circles. Our friend Sauber, of the White House, on Nevesink Hill, slaughtered the hog which was shot for on Monday last, and as a matter of course a vast concourse of persons assembled to test their judgment as to the weight of the animal. A box was opened, in which, up to the time appointed (4 o'clock) for weighing the hog, the deposits therein consisted of $17.20, which was alloted to Messrs. Henry Getrost, Stark, and E. Christ, who guessed the preceise weight, viz: 548 lbs. The age of the animal was 22 months. On the same afternoon our friend of the United States Hotel, Wm. King, also slaughtered two hogs, which drew a crowd, together, combined with the fact that the host himself is a whole souled fellow, "live and let live," being his motto.

No. 1 hog weighed.....532 lbs. | No. 2 hog weighed .....239 lbs.

The box contained a deposit of $50, which was awarded to ten competitors who guessed the precise weight. Considerable pewter changed hands among fanciers; tape lines were in great requisition, and shrewd calculaters blotted much paper and wasted chalk and pencils in demonstrating by mensuration the actual weight. Thus ended the amusement of the day, which, I am happy to inform you, passed off at both places quite harmoniously.

Respectfully yours, PIGEON FEATHER.

As one of the items of interest connected with this "guessing" sport, we append a copy of the "bill of the play," that our city friends may understand how our cousins in the rural districts manage these matters. The bill was sent us by our correspondent "Pigeon Feather:"

UNITED STATES HOTEL!

READING, Feb. 5, 1858.

On Monday next we take our text,
Hog it is the question,
Butcher Ben to be in the pen,
At ten o'clock and out again,
The hog to weigh between five and six,
And hung on the three same old sticks,
A box annexed on our text,
Ten cents on ever number,
You guessing ones come try your luck,
Be sure you make no blunder,
Since hog it is tall and winner,
Every one getting in the box *to get his dinner!*

By order of the MULLTOWN COMMITTEE,
On Hogs and Pigs.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT WILLIAMSBURGH.—On Tuesday last, February 9th, a good day's sport at trap shooting came off at the house of Mr. Atkinson, South Second street, Williamsburgh. From some cause or other the advertised sweepstakes did not fill, and several impromptu sweepstakes of various amounts were got up on the spot, three birds each members, and the first miss disqualifying the shooter from further competition.

Mr. Turner	111—3	Mr. Borsey	0 —0
" Tomlinson	111—3	" Powell	110—2
" Taylor	0 —0	" Dutton	0 —0

Messrs. Turner and Tomlinson, having tied, divided the amount of the stake, and those gentlemen also tied and divided the next sweepstake. The third was well contested, and some good shooting was exhibited.

Mr. Turner	1110 —3	Mr. Sharp	10 —1
" Tomlinson	11111—5	" Taylor	11110—4
" Robinson	10 —1	" Ball	0 —0
" Snow	10 —1		

A match between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. James Turner, of New York, next followed, at five birds each, and resulted in favor of the former, who killed all his birds in succession.

Mr. Taylor.....11111—5 | Mr. Turner .....11011—4 out of 5

The last sweepstake terminated in favor of Mr. Taylor also, who killed all his birds in excellent style.

Mr. Taylor	111—3	Mr. Snow	110—2
" Turner	110—2	" Robinson	0 —0
" Tomlinson	0 —0	" Sharp	110—2

The attendance of spectators was not large, and we think a nearer and better locality might have been selected as the scene of sport.

MORE POPS AT PIGEONS.—Swatara, Schuylkill county, Pa., Feb. 8th, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:*—We had a nice little pigeon shooting match at the hotel of Mr. Edward Connelly, Branch Dale, on Saturday, the 6th inst., between Mr. James Cox and Mr. Cline Marsh, on the following conditions: to shoot 11 birds each, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards fall, for the sum of $50 a side, which ended as follows:—James Cox shot 7 out of 9; Cline Marsh shot 3 out of 8, at which stage of the match Marsh gave up shooting. Summary:

J. Cox.....1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 | Marsh.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1

The Pigeons were good ones, and from the nature of the ground hard to kill. Mr. Cox is a promising young man, and as soon as the times gets better, you shall most likely hear of him again. Yours, &c.,

COAL MINER.

NEW ENGLAND CURLING CLUB.

WE copy the following notice from the "Annual of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club for 1858," printed at Edinburgh, Scotland. It shows a perseverence amid difficulties, characteristic of the Scotch as well as the Yankees:

The New England Club has been organised three years. Its Memders are twelve in number, and all Scotchmen born, who have a warm enthusiasm in introducing their national game to this favoring section of the United States. Their rules of government are those of the Royal Caledonian Club; and in soliciting an association they will be happy to be governed by them in every respect.

The Club, through the kindness of their Patron, an old Denny-Loanhead Curler, have some *three hundred acres* of excellent ice in the season, "when frost crowns ilka stream and lake;" and, this year it is sixteen inches thick, and, of course, "is bearing." We had our first game yesterday.

We have got into a position to have a good game here only after the greatest difficulty. We tried all the native descriptions of stone we could think of, but did not succeed in getting such as would stand a "bullet shot," without the risk of breaking. We then tried *hollow* cast-iron, (in order to get size and strength,) but the thermometer from 6 to 12 degrees below zero was hugeously adverse to symmetry. We tried smaller patrons of *solid* cast-iron; but the game looked *puny* in our eyes, and those also broke easily. Latterly, our Patron, on a visit to Scotland, brought us out 12 pairs of fine stones, made from boulders found among the hills of Stirlingshire, and we *dare* now to come up to the winner with an impetus most injudicious in the case of "a calm tee shot." The stones stand the cold admirably; and it is more than probable that some of our Yankee dollars will find their way to Scotland this year, in payment for duplicates. It would do an old Scotch Curler good to see the interest the people here take in our games. Spot Pond, *our* ice field, is visited on every occasion by large numbers, who enjoy the sight of the sport immensely. A double or treble wick, or a lucky "twist" round a "lang guard," making it do a duty its player never designed, elicits shouts which show the enthusiasm the practice of the game would aggravate up to the mark of that seen among the keen Curlers of Old Scotia. We expect Curling soon to be among "our institutions" here.

MIRACULOUS POWER OVER THE HORSE.

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCES OF AN AMERICAN BEFORE THE QUEEN.

ON the 13th of January, at Windsor, Mr. J. S. Rarey, from the United States of America, had the honor of exhibiting before Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal family and suite, in the riding-house, his miraculous power over the horse. Several animals were selected as subjects of his experiments. He commenced with a wild colt, 18 months old, belonging to the Prince Consort, which was brought from Shaw Farm, and which had never been handled except by halter, and had been chosen by Colonel A. N. Wood for the occasion. After being alone with the animal for about an hour and a half, the royal party entered, and found Mr. Rarey sitting on its back, without holding the reins, the horse standing perfectly quiet.

Mr. Rary then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal; a drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Rarey, which he beat with fury whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear. The royal party afterwards withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down, and Mr. Rarey knocking its hind legs together, one of which he put against his face. Afterwards a restive horse, selected from Mr. Anderson's stable in London, which Mr. Rarey said he had before handled, was placed at one end of the Riding-house alone. Mr. Rarey went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him.

He then made the horse lie down in the presence of the Queen, when Mr. Rarey crawled between his hind legs, and over him in various positions, in which it stood without holding, and without a bridle. A third horse, selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding-master, as a very nervous mal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Rarey to do all which had been done by the other horses. At the conclusion of this exhibition of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over the horse, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort expressed to Mr. Rarey his gratification and thanks. The secret has been entrusted to Major General Rich Airey, in confidence, who has pronounced that there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of.

MOVING GREAT WEIGHTS.

THE pedestal of Peter the Great's statue, weighing 1,200 tons, was easily transported to St. Petersburgh by division and distribution of the motive power. A similar method was employed nearly 4,000 years ago in moving those gigantic masses which astonish the tourist in Egypt. The weight of the monolithic temple of Lateran, which, according to Herodotus, was carried from Elephantine to Buto in the Delta, is computed at from 5,000 to 6,000 tons. This may appear somewhat apocryphal, but every Nile voyager knows the vast sitting statue of Rameses II. in the Memnonium at Thebes, a single block of close grained syenite upwards of 60 feet high, and weighing more than 887 tons, which was brought, about B. C. 1850, from the granite quarries of Assouan, a distance of nearly 130 miles, and must have been moved across a considerable interval (making every allowance for the inundation) between the quarry and the river, and again from the river to the alluvial soil to the Temple.

A painting in a tomb near the village of Dayr-e-Nakl, discovered by Irby and Mangles, shows how it was done. The painting represents a sitting figure, about 24 feet high, fixed on a wooden sledge with skait-shaped wooden runners, and dragged by four rows of men (43 in each) pulling at the ropes attached to the front of the sledge, apparently along a plank road. At the feet of the statue a figure leans over and pours from a vase abundance of grease on the ways, and on its knees stands another beating time with his hands to make all pull together. This tomb is of the date of Osirtasen II., about 16[illegible] B. C. The distribution of force is still better illustrated in the colmns at Fateereh, described by Sir G. Wilkinson, 60 feet long and 8 feet in diameter, with a sort of trunnions worked in the stone along the greater part of their length to each of which would be fastened its separate rope.

With simple manual force well destributed, and upon wood sliding over wood well lubricated—in preference to rollers, which also they understood—this people, sometimes called barbarous, succeeded in moving weights over distances which might even embarrass our "age of inventions."

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, Jan. 17.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN. 19.—Keefe and Hartley—£22, London.
26.—Bob Brettle and Bob Travers—£100 a side, London.
26.—Jaques and Smith—£25 a side, Manchester.
27.—Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard—£50 a side, London.
FEB. 2.—Andrews and Hawkes—£25 a side, London.
9.—Young Broome and Tyson—£25 a side, London.
23.—Crockett and Tyler—£50 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£150 a side and the Belt, London.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE OF SIX MILES.—The six miles race for £30 a side, between T. Cummings of London and Job Smith of Manchester, came off on Monday last at Mr. Sadler's racing ground, Garratt-lane. Cummings, we may here briefly mention, is a native of Portsmouth, and has been long known to fame, having contended in many matches of interest. It would take up too much of our space were we to attempt to give the whole of his past performances in detail; therefore let it suffice to say that the last time he contended in public prior to the making of the present match was with Harry Andrews, some three months back, whom it will be recollected he defeated in the easiest manner possible. Harry, from the moment of starting, never having the remotest chance of victory. The result of this match did more to give the convincing proof to Tom's friends as regards his running qualifications, than all the preceding events in which he had been engaged, for Cummings showed such speed on this occasion as completely electrified some of the "knowing ones," who thought they had previously got his measure to a nicety. So good a man had Tom proved himself in this match, that in the opinion and estimation of his admirers he was considered able to compete in a long distance with any pedestrian living, and therefore they readily got up the present match, and backed him freely. The name and doings of Job Smith must, we are confident, be familiar to all; therefore it would be superfluous were we to state as regards this distinguished champion of the north more than that he has progressively won his way to a very high position as a pedestrian, having figured in some of the most brilliant matches that have ever taken place in his part of the country. The fact of his having won the Great Half Mile Handicap at Sheffield some short period back will doubtless be recollected. His friends, in making the present match, hugged themselves with the notion that they had got on to a particularly "good thing," but it will be presently seen that the clever men of the Manchester school were for once thrown completely out of their reckoning. According to a stipulation in the articles, the match was appointed to come off at the abovementioned place, Cummings consenting to give Smith a bonus of £5 for coming to the metropolis. A strong muster had assembled to witness the result, among whom were many noted characters connected with the Turf. The weather throughout the morning was most inauspicious, and although it turned out fine in the afternoon, still there can be no doubt this had the effect of causing many absentees. The match had been fixed for three o'clock, and with commendable punctuality the competitors, in company with their attendants, made their appearance on the course. Cummings, on the opening of the "market," was the favorite at 6 to 4, but ultimately not more than even money could be obtained, the friends of both putting the "pot" on to a large amount. The referee having been duly appointed, the pedestrians made ready for the match, having to run 18 times round the ground and 120 yards, to complete the whole of the six miles. On the men taking up their respective positions, the signal for them to start was given, when, on the instant, off they bounded, and now commenced one of the most plucky and best contested struggles ever witnessed. From the moment of starting, the lead was taken by the Londoner, who went along in the most determined and resolute manner, with his opponent some two or three yards in his rear. In the same manner, with the same unvarying position, the first, second, and third laps were accomplished. Throughout the whole of the second and third mile Cummings maintained the lead, and thus the competitors ran until the completion of the third mile. In each lap throughout the fourth and fifth mile, Smith, on entering what is termed the sprint course, attempted to pass his antagonist, but, although in the severe and manly struggle that ensued he ran up to him, being almost shoulder to shoulder, yet he could not take the lead, for Cummings would each time creep from him and leave a formidable gap between them. Thus the race progressed until the finish of the first lap of the sixth and last mile, when it became apparent that Smith had had all the "steel" taken out of him, giving most unmistakeable symptoms of distress. Still he gallantly continued the race, hoping against hope, but when he had nearly approached the top of the lower turn in the 17th lap he reeled from sheer exhaustion against the rails, and fell, though not hurting himself, we are glad to state, in any serious manner. Cummings, although now unopposed, still kept on to the finish of the match with unabated speed, accomplishing the six miles in 32 minutes. Thus terminated this splendid contest, and although Smith returns to Manchester smarting under the mortification of defeat, yet this detracts nothing from his high position as a pedestrian.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Charles Pasley of Bolton had matched himself, for £10 a side, to perform the almost herculean task of walking 50 miles in ten hours, and he commenced his performance at seven o'clock, on the 11th of January, at Salford Borough Gardens, in the presence of about a dozen persons. Two umpires were selected, and Mr. A. Attenbury officiated as referee. The weather was wet, and Pasley persevered until twelve, when he rested, changed his flannels, and was, when he stopped, seven minutes in advance of time. He had then accomplished half the distance, less one lap, (there being five laps to each mile.) After 25 minutes rest he again started at a good speed, but Old Father Time proved the victor, Pasley being compelled to give up, dead beaten, at a quarter to two o'clock, having then walked 34½ miles.

NOVEL FEAT.—On Saturday last an extraordinary feat took place on the Dillington Race Ground, Worsborough Common, Barnsley. The old pedestrian, Mountjoy, from Lancashire, for a wager, undertook to run half-a-mile backwards and forwards, gather up sixty stones, each one yard distant, pick up thirty eggs, each a yard apart, with his mouth, leap over four hurdles ten times, and the last time with an egg in his mouth. The time to be allowed for the performance was forty minutes, but it was accomplished in thirty-seven minutes.

MILE RACE AT BALLARAT (AUSTRALIA.)—This event, which was originally fixed for the 17th, but was postponed, owing to the fearful state of the weather, came off on Saturday, October 24. The course was very heavy, in fact, almost a puddle from start to finish. The conditions of the race were these: £20 for the first man, and the entries for the second; distance one mile; to start at the firing of a pistol. The following entries were made at Dent's Hotel, Ballarat, amongst a goodly muster of the right sort: Thomas Smith, (blue and white,) John Murray, (white,) John Davies, (black and white,) John Baker. A limited amount of speculation took place; offers to back Smith against any other, at evens, were freely made but not taken. A little business was done at 3 to 2 against him, but nobody seemed very willing to back the field at any reasonable prices. Of the four entered only three came to the scratch, Smith, Murray, and Davies. Smith is a native of Middlesborough, in Yorkshire, and is now 32 years of age. Five or six years ago he was one of the best men in England at half-a-mile. He beat the celebrated Dan Cuningham of Stockport, performing his half-mile in two minutes. Amongst other men with whom he was matched we may mention Martin, (the North Star,) Anderson of Gateshead, J. Smith of Knutsford, S. Corner of Hartlepool, and many others, all of whom he defeated. Murray is a Northumberland man, 32 years old; and although he has frequently tried his speed "amongst friends," this was his first appearance in public. Davies is a native of Cardiff, South Wales, and is now in his 41st year. He is well known at home under the *sobriquet* of "The Lame Chicken." In the November of 1844 he ran in the All England Sweepstakes which was won by Jackson, (the American Deer,) the Lame Chicken second, and the celebrated Maxfield third. His next match was with Tetlow of Lanchshire, whom he defeated. Maxfield, (the North Star,) not being satisfied with his defeat, soon entered into fresh articles for £100 a side, to run a mile at Salt Hill, Slough, when Davies was again victorious. He was subsequently matched twice with Maxfield, on each occasion for £100 a side, and defeated him in both. His fame being now in its zenith, he was matched with the redoubtable Matthews of Birmingham, but was defeated in a half-mile match at Lansdown; but it must be remembered that this was not his favorite distance. He afterwards met with a severe accident in a colliery, to which he mainly attributed his defeat on the present occasion. On arriving at the course, a goodly muster had assembled to witness the sport, and at about half-past four the start was made, Mr. Davies of Ballarat officiating with the pistol, and Mr. Van Hemert acting as judge. Smith went off at a strong pace, and maintained easily a lead of about 20 yards throughout, and won as he liked. Murray and the Chicken kept pretty well together, Murray generally in advance, and at the finish was about six yards ahead. Time, 6min. 40sec., but this is to be accounted for by the heavy ground.—[*Bell's Life in Victoria.*

RETURNING FROM BOTANY BAY.

ABOUT nine years ago a man named Finny, alias Billy Morgan, was transported. He had been what is called an out and outer among the thieves, and concerned in several cart and wagon robberies. The police had had their vigilant eye upon him for a length of time, and at last, succeeded in catching him in a cart, to which he and two other thieves had transferred a large piece of cloth in the neighborhood of the Angel Inn, Islington. He and his associates were transported. The conduct of Finny, who was so named in consequence of an apparent defect in the hand, which, however, was benefitted by the deformity giving him the power of rapidly grasping the property of others, was unexceptionable at New South Wales. He worked hard, and became possessed of nearly two hundred dollars. The period of his transportation (seven years) having expired, he was determined to return to his native country, and reform altogether. But how to effect this was the rub. He was apprehensive that he would meet with some impediments at home if he did not appear independent, and, therefore, resolved, at all hazards, not to spend a shilling of his honestly earned property, until he once more got into his old quarters. A vessel was about to sail for England. He stitched his money about his person, and without bidding any one good by, contrived to stow himself away between two bales in the hold of the ship, without being seen by a human being. He calculated very fairly, that if he could manage to keep his own secret for a few days, the vessel would not be likely to return merely to dispose of him. In his hurry and anxiety to leave the place of retribution, he, however, forgot to carry about him the means of supporting existence. The ship sailed, and for six days the unfortunate convict kept his place without murmur and without a morsel of food. But the hope which sustained him for so great a length of time, even under the control of famine, began to lose its effect upon his physical vigor, and the ship's crew were on the seventh day alarmed by his groans. He was pulled by the legs from his place of refuge, and presented a spectacle of the most appalling description. By the united skill of the surgeon and the cook, he speedily recovered. The Captain believed that he had on board a returned transport, and did not give credit to the assurance of Finny that his "time was out," and he was authorised to come home. In order to prevent his escape more effectually the poor adventurer was doubly ironed, and in that condition he was landed in Wapping, taken before a Magistrate a few days ago, and charged with the capital offence of breaking away from his sentence. Finny was quite at ease the moment he set his foot upon dry land, and returned the Captain many thanks for the comfortable passage. He assured the Magistrate that his term of transportation had elapsed two years ago, and declared that nothing should ever tempt him to deserve another voyage in the same direction. Harrison, the Marshalman, having heard of the circumstance, paid the convict a visit, and immediately recognised him as an old acquaintance. It has since been ascertained that Fann's account of himself was correct, and he was liberated on Tuesday.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.

SOME years ago the manager of a "well-regulated Theater," somewhere along the line of the Erie Canal, engaged a good-looking and brisk young lady as a supernumery. It happened that the young lady in question, had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact which she was extremely anxious to conceal. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her newly chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite with both manager and public.

One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part, a couple of boatmen found there way into the pit, near the foot lights, particulary anxious to see the new famous commedienne. The house was crowded, and after the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder and with an emphatic explective exclaimed loud enough to be heard over half of the house.

"Bill I know that gal!"

"Pshaw!" said Bill, "dry up."

"But I'm d——d if I don't now, Bill. Its Sal Flukins, sure as you're born. She's old Flukins' daughter that used to run the Injured Polly, and she used to sail with him."

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop your infernal clack, you'll get put out. Sal Flukins? You know a sight if you think that's her!"

Tom was silenced but not convinced. He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long, broke out again:

"I *tell* ye, Bill, that's her—I *know* 'tis. You can't fool me—I know her too well?"

Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous nudge in the ribs with his elbow, as an emphatic hint for him to "keep quiet."

Tom, without minding the admonition, said, "you just wait—I'll fix her, keep your eye upon me."

Sure enough, he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part, he sung out in a voice which rang through the galleries.

"Low Bridge!"

From force of habit, the actress instantly and involuntarily *ducked her head* to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard, as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest—

"Didn't I tell ye, old boy, I kn 'twas her. You couldn't fool me."

SUT LOVEGOODS'S DOG.

BY S—— L——, OF TENNESSEE.

"Boys, I never told eny on ye ov my dog scrape, did I?" "No, Sut, not as we knows on; you've mixed up dog so in all yer doins that we can't tell adzactly what dog scrape ye mean." "Well, I mean ole 'Stuff-gut.' Did eny on ye ever see 'im?" "No." "Well, ye missed a site. He wur a powerful dog, an sometimes ye'd think that he wur two or three dogs, ef ye seed him eat; not a countin' ov his tail, fur he hedn't eny. When he wur a pup, dad, durn him, tuck 'im to a straw-cutter, jamed his starn clost up tu the frame ov the cussed gulotine, an foch down the nife, an thar lay the hole tail in the troft, like a letter S, and here run the pup a youlin like hound, an his starn looked like you'd busted a ripe tomatis onto it. Well, it changed his looks mitely, an his nater more. Now, as to his looks, rite onto the spot whar his tail orter staid, thar growed a bunch ov stiff, ash cullured bristles, what pinted every way like onto a split broom with the rappin cut loose, and right in the middile ov all this fussey lookin' patch ov har, the pint ov his back bone, kivered with a gristil, stuck out like onto a pidgin's aig, caze he sot onto hit so much. Well, the afar looked mity sassy and fite like, eny how, purticulerly when he wur a struttin' up to a big strange dog tu smell ov 'im. It made his sturn look hier than his shoulders, purpendiculer and squar; an he hed a way ov walkin' slow an solem, like I've seed young fellers do at camp meetin' when approachin' ov a gal at the spring with thar stud-hoss close on, agwine sorter side ways an amity keerful. I've seed little hogs go through the same motions, wun in a peach orchard an tother in the lane, when they *that* they wanted tu fite, and wud a dun it but fur the fence what wur atween 'em. I never found out that he wur good fur eny thing but to keep bred frum mouldin' an meat frum spilin'; an when he wanted to show glad, es he hed no tale to wag, he wagged his hole sturn an his hine feet slipped about on the groun', sorter like a fashunabil gal walks when she thinks sum he feller is lookin' at 'er. He wur cullured adzactly like a mildewed sadil skirt, an he kerried his years on a nowin' sort of cock, like onto a mule's when he is skeered. He'd whiskers round his eyes, an on his hine legs, an must hed a powerful active consince fur he wur the meanest countinenced dog I ever seed in my life. Now, as tu his natur, yu cud never set 'im onto eny thing yu wanted tu, and cudn't call 'im often eny thing he got arter on his own accord. He wur skeered all the time, an stud redy to run or tu steal as the chances mout be; and takin' 'im altogether, he wur jist the rite sort ov a dog to belong to me—not wurth a durn, an orter been killed afore his eyes got open.

"Well, Stuff-Gut, he followed me tu town wun day, jist caze I didn't want him tu; and while I wur gitten on a hed ove steam at the doggery, he started roun town on a stealin expedition ove his own, an like his cussed fool owner got himself inter a fust rate scrape an skare without half tryin, an in less nor no time at that. I hed gin myself a shake in the doggery, an hear the whiskey in me slosh, I knowd I hed my load abroad, so I cum out inter the street *an*—the—fust thing I seed he cum a tarin down the street, fifteen times faster nor I thot he cud run, jist a blowin of hisself, his years sot onto his neck, an his bristles all sot like a black pearch's top fin, his eyes shot up fast and tite, and hed on a sort ove haness made outer strings, sorter like the set dad wore when he acted hoss, and he wur haulin ove an old stage lantern and hit filled with wet powder an sot afire. Now the sparks an the cizlin an the dust an the ratlin an the youlin an growlin and barkin an the eighty-nine or ninety dogs ove all kinds what wur a chasin ove him, made sum sensashun. Well—it—did. Whew-w-w. When I seed him pass without nowin me, I thot over dad's hornet tribulation, at last; and then I got mad an looked roun for sum wun to vent rath on an seed a long-legged cuss, sorter of the Lovegood stripe, with his hat cocked before, sittin a straddil over a hoss-rack, a swingin his legs an a singin—

"Rack, back Davy, rarin up behine,
You show me your foot, and I'll show you mine."

Thinks I you'll do, ef yu *din't* start my dog on that bellward expedition ove his'n, you'll do tu put in on eny how, so here goes. Sez I: "Mister-what-hed my dog duntu-yu." He paid no tention, but kep on a singin—

"Rack, back Davy, daddy shot a bar,
Shot 'em in the eye, an never toch a hair."

I seed it wur no use tryin tu breed a quarrel; so that I mout be able tu breed a fite, and I jist lent him a slatharin calamity, rite whar his snout commenced a sproutin from atween his eyes, with a ruff rock about the size ove a goose aig. Hit foch him! He drapped offen the hoss rack, but hilt a squirrel-holt onto the pole with his paws an hine feet, and hung back down. I jumped hed fust through atween his belly and the pole; my belt broke his holt, an we cum to the ground a fitin—me ondermost, an turned heds an tails. So the fust thing I did, was tu shut my jaws onto a mouthful ove his steak, ni onto the place where yer foot itches to go when yu ar in kickin distance of a fop. He fit mitily fur the chance he had, but I soon seed he had a cross ove bar in im, fur he cudent stand ticklin behind, ef it moute be called at all; fur every time he got his hine legs onder him, he tried his duradest tu jump loose, but my holt hilt, an we would take our fust position a gin. I thot ove a box ove matches what I hed in my pocket, so I foch the whole boxful a rake onto the gravel, an stuffed em all a blazin inter one ove the pockets in his coat-tail. Now, mind, he now'd nuthin ove these perseceding, fur his mind wur exercised powerful about the hurtin I wur a helpin im tu behine. I now'd hed soon show strong signs ove wantin to go. So the fust big rare he fotch arter the fire reached his hide, I jist let my mouth fly open—so—an *he went!* his hole tale in a blaze! Rite here, boys, I must tell yu sumthin I didnt no myself, or durn me, ef I hed'nt let him beat me inter a poultis, afore I'd a sot him afire—Id a seed him durn'd fust. The thot on it skeers me yet. He had two pounds ove gun powder in tother pocket, a takin home to a shootin match. Well, he aimed tu run past a tin peddlin wagin, what was standin in the street, with a fust rate set ove old live hoss bones atween the shafts, while the Yankee wus in the doggery, a firin up tu leave town. Jist as he got clost tu the carryall, the powder cotch fire, an soon arterwards *went off*, an *so did he*, head fust, frog fashion, rite thru the top load ove tin war. He lit a runnin ten foot tuther side; his coat tail wur blowed off tu his shoulders, the hine end of his galluses wus raped round his neck, the tale ove his shut wus loose, an up in the air thirty feet, still a rizin and blazin like a komet, his britches hung loose on the frunt side, like onto a forked aprun, while the sittin part ove em wus blowed tu kingdum cum, an so wur everything else belongin to that regin, while his back wus as black as a side ove upper lether. It rained tin buckets, an strainers, an cups, an pepper boxes, an pans, an stage horns, all over that street for two minits an a half.

Now that explosion, and the tin war a rattin an a rainin, made a rite peart noise, specially ov a still day; in fac, enuf tu wake up the ole hoss bones an gin him the idear that he'd best leave town quick; so he laid his years back an straightened out his tail an shot. He made kindlin wood outen the waggin agin a sine-post, and betuk hisself tu the woods, stretched out about twenty feet long, and not mor'n three feet high on the withers, with jist about enuf harness stickin tu him tu make a cullar for a bell cow. Thar was wun cussed nut-meg makin Yankee broke plum up, an I'm durnd glad ove it. Old Rack Back Davy, the hoss rack man, made fur the river, an I follered to the bank tu see if he hadn't drowned hisself; but no, *sir!* Thar he wur, about the middil of the river, a swimmin fur the tuther bank, jist a splitin the water wide open, an his busted breeches legs a floatin arter him. He looked over his shoulder every over lick like he spected tu see the devil; his face wur as black as a pot, sept a white ring roun his eyes, an the smoke wus still risin from among the stumps uv his burnt har. His hed, boys, in that river, was the ugliest, scuriest, an savidgest site I ever seed or spec tu see in this wurld, eny how. I dreams ove it yet o' nights, an it skares the swet outen me. I seed a lot ove fellers a fishin onder the bank, so I thot I'd help him on a leetle faster, an I hollered, "ketch the murderer, five hundred dollars an a big hoss reward. He's killed an oman an nine children, an I spec a dog, an like tu whipped anuther plum tu *deth*." They jumped inter thar canues an tuk arter him, openin on his trail like a pack uv hounds. The last I ever seed ove him he wur a tackin up the tother bank, on his all four, and looked mitily like an ole bar what had jist cum outen a hurrycane. He still kept up his lookin back, an I spec wus the wust scared man in the wurld, an ef he aint ded, he runnin yit. The idear now begin to soak thru my har that owin to the fuss Stuff Gut an me hed raised that purhaps I'd better scoot, let they mount want *me*. So I left in a peart trot, an soon got on ole Stuff's trail. It wur like a waggin had been drug upside down by a par of runaway mules, an the dry grass an leaves, and in sum places the fences, wus sot afire. He tuck tu the mountains, an turned wolf an tuck up the trade ove sheep killin for a livin, an the hole settlement is now out arter his skalp. That trip tu town, like the cuttin box, has changed his dispersition agin, all showin the powerful changes that can even be made in a dog. I cum outen that scrape purty well, yet I had to show the family dispensition tu make d—d fools over thar sefs." "How, Sut?" "Why, I ought to a toted off a lode ove that permiscus tin war. Oughtent I? say!"

BIDDY MALONY'S CAT.

MATHEW MALONEY, better known by the boys at the mill as 'Father Mat,' on returning from work one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement.

"Mat," says she "there's a strange cat in the cabin."

"Cast her out thin, an' don't be bothterin' me about the baste."

"Faix, an' I've been sthriven' to do that same for the matther of ten minits past, but she's jist beyant my rache, behint the big red chist in the corner. Will yez be helpin me to dhrive her out, Mat?"

"To be sure I will, bad luck to the consate she has for me house; show her to me, Biddy, till I tache her the rispict that's due a man in his own house—to be takin' possession widout as much as by yer lave, the thafe o' the world?"

Now Mat had a special antipathy for cats, and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one mode of egress for the animal, he says to Biddy:—

"Have yez iver a male bag in the house, me darlint?"

"Divil a wan is there, Mat. Yez tuk it to the mill wid yez to bring home chips wid, this mornin'."

"Faix, an' I did, and there it is yit, thin. Well have yez nothin' at all in the house that will tie up like a bag, Biddy?"

"Troth, an' I have, Mat; there is my Sunday petticoat—ye can dhraw the strings close at the top, an' sure it will do betther, nor lettin' the cat be lavin' yez."

"Biddy, darlint, yere a jewel to be thinkin' o' that same; be after bringing it to me."

Biddy brought the garment, and when the strings were drawn close it made a very good substitute for the meal bag, and Mat declared it was 'illegant.'"

So holding it close against the edge of the chest he took a look behind and saw a pair of bright eyes glaring at him.

"And is it there ye are ye divil? Be out o' that now; bad luck to all yer kin, ye thavin' vagabone ye. Be dad, an' ye won't lave me house at all wid perlite axin'? Yer self-will bates a pig's intirely. Biddy, have yez any hot water in the house?"

"Yis, I've a plinty, Mat; the tay kittle's full of it."

"Be after castin' the matter of a quart thin behind the chist till I see how the shay divil likes it."

"Hould im close, Mat; here goes the wather."

Dash went the water and out jumped the animal into Mat's trap.

"Arrah, be the holy poker I have 'em in, Biddy," says Mat, drawing close the folds of the garment; "now bad cess to yez, ye thafe, it's nine lives ye have, is it? Be afther axin' me forgiveness for the thavin', ye have been doin' in me house, for I'm thinkin' the nine lives ye have won't be savin' ye now any way. Biddy, seize hoult of the poker, an' when I shoulder the baythin, ye'll bate the daylights out of im."

Mat threw the bundle over his shoulder, and told Biddy to play 'St. Patrick's day in the mornin' on it. Biddy struck about three notes of that popular Irish air, and suddenly stopped, exclaiming:—

"What smills so quare, Mat? It's takin me brith away with the power of it. Och murther, Mat, sure an' ye have the devil in the sack."

"Bate the ould haythan' thin; yez ill niver have a better chance. Bate the horns of 'im; lather 'im like blazes, me darlint!"

"Och," says Biddy, "I'm faintin' wid the power ov 'im! Cast 'im off yez, Mat."

"Howly St. Patrick," says Mat, throwing down the sack. "Biddy the baste is a pole-cat! Lave the house, or yez'll be kilt intirely. Murther an' turf, how the haythan' smills! Och! Biddy Maloney, a purty kittle of fish yez made ov it, to be sure, to be mistaking that little divil for a harmless cat."

"Mat, for the love uv God, if yez be convenient to the door, be afther opening it, for I'm narely choked wid 'im. Och, Biddy Maloney, bad luck to yez for lavin' ould Ireland, to be murthered in this way! Holy Mary purtict me! Mat, I'm clane kilt intirely; take me out ov this!"

Mat drew her out of doors and then broke for the pump like a quarter horse, closely followed by Biddy.

"Sure that villin bates the divil, intirely; he's ruined me house an' kilt Biddy, an' put me out o' consate wid meself for a month to come. Och, the desavin' vagabone, but luck to 'im," and Mat plunged his head into the horse-trough up to his shoulders.

"Get out o' that, Mat I'm narely blind," and Biddy went to the water. "Och, the murtherin baste," says Biddy, sputtering the water out of her mouth, "me best petticoat is spilte intirely—Mat Maloney, divil a trap will I iver help yez sit for a cat again."

"Don't trouble yourself. Mistress Maloney, ye've played the divil as it is. Niver fear me axin' a ha'porth o' yer assistance. It's a nath'ral fool ye are to be takin' a baste uv a pole-cat for a house cat."

Mat and Biddy went cautiously back to the cabin, from which the offensive quadruped had taken his departure. Things were turned out of doors. Biddy's petticoat burled, the bed, which fortunately escaped, moved to a near neighbor's, the stove moved outside, and for a week they kept house out of doors, by which time, by dint of scrubbing, washing and airing, the house was rendered once more habitable, but neither Mat or Biddy have forgotten the "strange cat."

GIVING THE WHIP TO A PRINCESS.—An English paper has the following: Among the presents made to the Princess Royal of England on her late wedding day, was a riding whip, the butt of which is formed from a piece of the hoof of a favorite horse, set in gold. It is said the shoe of this golden hoof is formed of diamonds, the nails being represented by fourteen beautiful rubies; the whole of the bottom of the foot is a mass of small diamonds; the handle of the whip is formed from one of the horse's bones, most highly polished, round which is twisted a serpent in brilliants.

A HOTTENTOT got up a painting of heaven. It was enclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the centre was occupied with a fountain that squirted pot-pie.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

☞ The Freshmen and Sophomores of Yale College recently contested a match game, won by the Freshmen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHESSMOCK, Boston, Mass.—Your last problem is a fine one, and shall speedily appear.

E. J. W., Boston.—Your last is faulty in that it has a radically different solution; *e. g.*:—1..Q to her B 7 +, (if K to R 3d). 2..Kt to K 4th, and mate next move. If Black 1..K to B 3d, 2..Q to K B 2 +, and mate next move.

CAREW, Catskill, N. Y.—We believe your problem to be flawless; but it has some useless lumber, and we seem to recognize an identy of principle with one published by a contemporary a little time back; we will examine farther.

CHESSBOARD, Chicago, Ill.—(The other *nom de plume* would be hardy fair.) Your three-move problem has too much scope for White and too little for Black, but for its neatness of diagram, we will give it. Welcome back! don't keep so long a silence, again. Why can't we have some games from your large club?

U & I, Chicago.—Right; right glad to see you, too.

SHAWNEE, Quincy, Ill.—Many thanks for the games from your little club; you have just the right spirit. These now; when Mr. Morphy returns, we will look for the fulfilment of the promise. Your problem is neat and, we believe, perfect. Your letter is very welcome. Can you not get us a couple of Mr. D.'s games? His old antagonist, Dr. Raphael, is now a leading member of our Metropolitan Club.

PATTERSON, Philad'a.—Yours is the author's solution of Problem No. 100; No. 101, right. We shall be glad to receive it.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—Your modesty is manifestly improving.

A—o, Geneva, N. Y.—Just so; according to Gunter.

EVANS GAMBIT, West Philad'a.—Correct; another knot of players of the right sort. We shall ever strive to increase your good opinion and merit your kind wishes. Let us hear often of your chess progress.

C. A. M., Jr., New Orleans.—We were a little astonished, but it is all explained. We sympathize with you in your affliction. We, too, have lost a father, but it was so early in our infancy that no recollections either of his form or love remain impressed upon the memory. Many thanks for the games; it were superfluous to say they shall appear—with any others you may deem worth sending. Thank you also for the following information:

THE NEW ORLEANS CHESS CLUB.—Has removed from its old quarters, 3d District, to a better, more central, and more comfortable locality, corner of Exchange alley and Canal street.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, Mass.—Many thanks for your very welcome letter, and the welcome news it contained—welcome, because it gives such high and certain promise of a more wide-spread and permanent influence for our noble pastime in N. E. We meant the Chess column in the *News*, and thank you for your readiness to aid us in securing it. We will do the errand. We account for the "milk in that cocoa nut" on the score of an affected supercilious contempt of a score accurately taken down as the moves are made.

JACOB EDSON, Philad'a.—With the greatest pleasure we add a name with which we are so familiar to our own list of contributors. The present contributions shall be carefully examined, but please display more ones on diagrams. We cannot tell you when it will be issued.

WEST POINTER, Prov., R. I.—The letter mentioned never came to hand. We will publish your analysis—one of those weeks.

L. F. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Your "desire to scrape our acquaintance" is certainly very "laudable," and we hasten to reciprocate. The move to organize a club is one in the right direction, and we second it with all our heart. Are you in alliance with "H. A. B?" The "Opening" submitted is wholly reprehensible, on general principles. You may have eight Queens at once—if you can get them—in addition to the Q consort. Thanks for the attention of the games; one of them shall appear. If we do not find you a competitor, privately, shall we issue a challenge?

E. B. C., Hoboken, N. J.—We take great pleasure in complying with your request.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—We gladly do you the trifling service indicated; and would be twice as glad to do twice as much.

CAREW. (2d letter)—Right, as to Problem 101. We cannot tell you either the time or price of those books. Let whoever of them will play, issue a challenge, they will doubtless meet a competitor. Sarratt's "New Treatise," 1821; Agnel; Walker; and Jaenisch; and, if you read German, the Handbuch.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK has gained his libel case against the *Chronicler de Paris*, for saying he played chess in his opera box; damages, 1000f, fine 200f, fifteen days' imprisonment. The tribunal thought that this serene personage had a perfect right to play his games, so that he did not infringe on other people's convenience.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Here is a full length portrait of your note:

NEWARK, Feb. 3, 1858.

M. J. HAZELTINE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the famous, long-disputed prize; not from any value of the book itself, but from the good feeling which the act evinces. I am not surprised, now that I see the article, that a paper, professedly such "big guns," so ably edited and conducted (?) as the "Chess Monthly," should have some hesitancy about awarding a prize over which they made such a time, and informing the problemists that their boasted tournament only amounted to the sum, all told, of 36 cents. I think the "learned Scandinavian scholar," (see autobiography,) now Jr. Ed. of the Monthly, has yet to learn that he must not allow his private personal piques to predominate over his public interest, as I am afraid the decreasing subscription list of the journal in question will show. Though I have no doubt that many, who are not personally known to him, may *tolerate* him for the benefit to be derived from his masterly, but unfortunate, co-editor—Mr. Paul Morphy. I regret that the gentlemanly and courteous publisher of the work, Mr. Miller, should have inferred that any of the remarks were intended for him. Please assure him that, as far as I am aware, such was far from being the case. They need to be reminded that "the higher a monkey goes the more he shows his tail;" but the benefit of a hope should be given them that having "gone up like a rocket, they may not come down like a stick."

I am truly obliged to you for the interest taken in the problems; and, as one good turn deserves another, I will try and give you another chance on any similar occasion.

Truly yours, THEO. M. BROWN.

A CARD.

HOBOKEN, Feb. 13, 1858.

To the Editor of the Chess Department of the Clipper:

SIR: My duty to the competitors in the "Monthly" Problem Tourney requires of me to make the following statement:

I have in my possession what is *admitted to be* the transcript entered in the Tourney of the Self-Mate belonging to the set "Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

Mr. Brown, in a letter dated Jan. 14, speaking of the above-mentioned set, says: "These problems were sent to Mr. Hazeltine, who copied them for me and tried them, and they were correct."

Now, in the transcript the Pawn on White's Q R 2d is *White*, moreover Mr. Brown certifies as to its correctness—the Pawn being White, the Position is *radically faulty*.

There is no evidence before me to counterbalance the foregoing.

Truly, EUGENE B. COOK, Umpire.

SOLUTIONS.

OF PRELIMINARY PAWN STUDIES.

NO. 1.—FIRST METHOD.

1..P to R 4 (*a*)	K to Kt 2	4..P to B 3 *best*	K to Kt 3
2..P-Kt 4 (*b*)	K-Kt 3	5..P-B 4	K-Kt 2,
3..P-Kt 5 (*c*)	K-B 4	and wins.	

(*a*) Of course if K begin he wins all the easier.

(*b*) Did they go but one step, at starting, they would be stopped even earlier.

(*c*) If P to B 4th, K to Kt 2d, and wins as may be seen in detail hereafter. If P to Q B 3d, now, K goes to R 2d. If

3..P to	+	K to R 3	4..P to B 4	K to R 2, and

wins the P's, by regaining the opposition at the proper time.

SECOND METHOD.

1..P to R 4	K to Kt 2	4..P to B 3 *best*	K to R 3
2..P-R 5	K-R 3	5..P-B 4	K-R 2,
3..P-Kt 4	K-Kt 4	and wins.	

THIRD METHOD.

1..P to R 4 (*d*)	K to Kt 2	4..P to Kt 4 (*g*)	K to Kt 3
2..P-B 4 (*e*)	K-Kt 3	5..P-Kt 5 (*h*)	K-Kt 2, and
3..P-Kt 3	K-Kt 2 (*f*)	resumes the winning opposition,	

by opposing the P next advanced.

(*d*) If P to B 3d, K to R 3d.

(*e*) If P to Kt 4th, K to Kt 2d.

(*f*) The P's being so far from Queening, you will have time to regain the opposition.

(*g*) If he push B P, you go to B 3d, and on Kt P being then advanced, win the P's by retreating to B 2d, and then to Kt 2d. The same method is applicable to his advance, here, of R P.

(*h*) If he push B P, or R P, you confront it.

FOURTH METHOD.

As the whole of the moves relating to the advance first of R P bear equally upon the substitution of B P, it is unnecessary to give the latter in detail.

1..P to Kt 4	K to Kt 2	4..P to B 3 *best*	K to Kt 3
2..P-Kt 5	K-Kt 3	5..P-B 4	K-Kt 2, and
3..P-R 4	K-R 4	wins, by opposing the P next advanced, whether B, or R P.	

NO. 2.—K MOVES.

1..K to R 4	P to B 5	4..K to Kt 3	P to Kt 5
2..K-R 3	P-Kt 4	5..K-B 2	P-R 5
3..K-R 2	P-B 6	6..K-B, or Kt sq	P-Kt 6,
and the P's win.			

Were the whole position one sq further up the board, the K wins, even against the move; but one sq further down the board the result is still the same as in our position.

NO. 3.—K MOVES.

K, with the move, wins at once by going to Kt's 4th.

If P's move, then, thus:

1..P to B 4	K to B 2	2..P to R 6	K to Kt 3, and
Kt P advances, and wins.			

Were the K on B 2d, or either of the three home sqs, he wins, even though P's move.

NO. 4.

The K loses, because the P's can gain the move, through the option of pushing B P one or two steps.

With the leading P's one sq less advanced, and K on R 3, or Kt 4th, K wins; but with K on B 3d, victory would go with the move.

NO. 5.—K MOVES.

If K go to R 3d, or B 3d, the remote P advances; should he go to Kt sq, either B or R P may move.

1..K to B sq	P to R 6	3..K to B sq, or R 2	P Queens
2..K-Kt sq	P-Kt 7 (*i*)	4..K × Q	P-B 6,
and wins.			

(*i*) If P (ch), or B P advances, K goes to corner, and gains a stalemate.

NO. 6.—K MOVES.

1..K to Kt 4	P to B 4 + (*l*)	5..K to Kt 4	P to R 4 +
2..K-B 4	P-R 3	6..K-B 3	P-R 5
3..K-B 3	P-Kt 4 (*k*)	7..K-Kt 4, and wins.	
4..K-Kt 3	P-B 5 +		

(*k*) If P to R 4, K goes to Kt 3, and thence to Kt 2.

(*l*)

1..	P to B 3	3..K to Kt 4	P to Kt 4
2..K to Kt 3	P-R 3 (*l*)	4..K-Kt 3, and wins.	

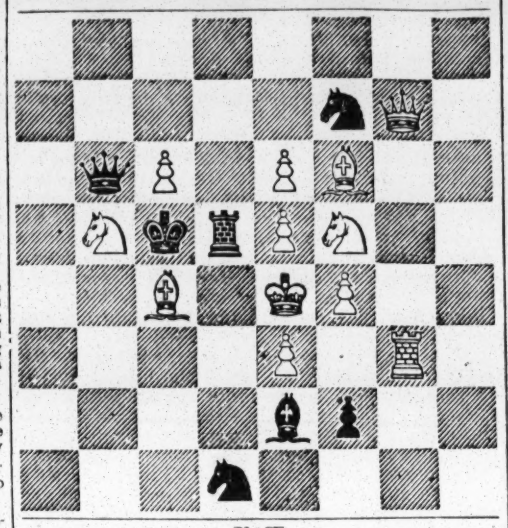
(*l*) If P to R 4, K to R 4; if P to B 4, K to B 4; and if P to Kt 4, K to Kt 4th, as above

Were the whole position one sq further down the board, K wins, by going to Kt 3d, but in the supposed position of P's, with K on B 5th, or R 5th, the move decides the battle. But were he on any one of the hindermost sqs, he wins, *nolens volens*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROBLEM NO. 102.—BY EN PRISE.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in eight moves, with the Kt on Q B 7th.

GAME NO. 102.

Recently contested in the Quincy (Ill.) Chess Club.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	18..Q to R 6	K to his B 2 (*d*)
2..P-Q 4	B P × P	19..K R-Q sq	K P × P
3..Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3	20..K R-Q 2	Q R-Q sq
4..Q-home	P-K 4	21..Q R-Q sq	B-Q Kt 4 *
5..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	21..K R-Q 6 (*e*)	Kt-K 4
6..B-Q Kt 5 (*a*)	Q-her R 4 +	22..K R × R	Q × K R
7..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 5	23..Q R × Q	K R × R
8..B × Q Kt +	Kt P × B	24..Q × R P +	K-his 3
9..K Kt-K 2	Q P × Kt	25..Q-R 3 +	P-K B 4
10..Kt × B 2d P	K B-Q Kt 5	26..K P × P +	Kt P × P
11..Q B-Q 2	Q B-R 3 (*b*)	27..Q-R 6 +	K-Q 4
12..P-Q R 3	K B × Kt	28..Q × B 2d P	R-K sq
13..Q B × B	Q-her B 2	29..Q × B 1st P	B-K 7
14..Q-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 3 (*c*)	30..Q-K Kt 5	B-K Kt 5
15..Castles	Kt-K B 3	31..P-Q Kt 3	B-Q 2
16..Q-K R 4	Kt-Q 2	32..Q-her 2 +, and the Defence	
17..P-K B 4	P-K B 3	resigned.	

(*a*) An oversight which lost a piece, and ought to have lost the game: the Defence failed to follow up this great advantage.

(*b*) To prevent castling—but really a useless move.

(*c*) Better have moved B P.

(*d*) This move is unnecessary.

(*e*) Difficult to meet; can the Defence now save the game?

* This, or some other equally meaningless move, is here necessary to carry on the game. Something was omitted here by our correspondent. Who will enlighten him on the subject of note (*e*)?—ED.

ENIGMA NO. 102.—BY WANKINCO.

WHITE.—K at home; Q at her B 3; R at K R 5; B at K R sq; Kt's at K B 3, and Q B 5; and P at Q 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q 3; Q at K 4; R's at K 4, and Q 7; B's at K 3, and Q Kt 3; Kt's at K Kt 6, and Q Kt 2; P's at K 2, and 7, and Q 6th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
24..K to R 2	Q to K 2
25..Kt to K 4	P to Q B 5
26..P to K Kt 5	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
21..B takes Kt	Q takes B
22..P to Q R 4	Q to K B 3
23..Q takes Q P +	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
18..Q Kt to Q 2	R to K Kt sq
19..K to R sq	K to Q 2
20..P to K B 4	

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
8..K 2d P takes Kt	Q B takes Q
9..K B P takes Q	Q B to K Kt 5
10..Q Kt to B 3	

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
5..P to Q B 3	K B to Q B 4
6..Castles	P to Q 3

BETWEEN R. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

Black—R. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3..K B to Q B 4	K B to B 4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

THIS work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the CLIPPER office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

THE THEORY OF THE MOVE AND ITS CHANGES.—[Continued.]

BY JOHN PATTERSON, MATHEMATICIAN, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, Scotland.

From Anderson's Treatise.

Of the two squares in the double corner, one is situated in the odd, and one in the even set. In pursuing a King into the double corner, with two Kings, it is easy to calculate into which of the two squares you will be able to force an entrance. You have only to observe in which of the two sets an odd number of pieces is placed when it is your turn to play, and you will invariably find that you succeed in dislodging your adversary from that square in the double corner which is situated in the same set. When the pieces are reduced to two on each side, and you have not the move, you cannot take two for one; for, to effect this, the three captured pieces, except in the case of *slipping*—explainable on the same principle—must be in the same set before you play, which cannot be, unless you have the move. When the pieces have been reduced to three on each side, and you have the move, you cannot give two at once, and take three, nor give two separately to the same piece, and take any two, and fix the third piece of your opponent's; and in the same circumstances, by giving two pieces separately to other two, you cannot capture these last two and also fix the third.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ Our readers will observe that we resume publishing Patterson's "Theory of the Move and its Changes" this week. For the article entire, (which is unquestionably the most scientific on record,) see Anderson's work.

☞ Correct solutions of Position No. 185, new series, have been forwarded by T. J. Montague, J. M., of Quincy, Clyde, and W. B. C. Of 186, by Oceola, W. B. C., and A. F. Of 187, by Clyde, A. L. Huggins, T. J. Montague, Achilles, and Alick. Of 188, by A. L. Huggins, Alick, T. J. Montague, A. F., and Achilles. Of "A Nut from Drummond," by J. M., of Quincy, and Oceola.

A CARD.

JANUARY 30, 1858.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* As I have changed my opinion concerning Drummond's Game No 85, and now regard it as a win for the Attack, (with your permission,) I would lay my variations before players for analysis.

SINGLE CORNER.

Attack.			Defence.		Attack.			Defence.	
1..11	to	15	22	to 18	4.. 4	to	8	24	to 20
2..15		22	25	18	5..10		15	26	23
3.. 8		11	29	25	6.. 6		10, and		

1st.—Harry's Draw.

6..			31	26	11..15	18 (*a*)	22	15
7..12		16	18	14	12..11	27	20	4
8.. 9		18	23	14	13.. 6	9	32	23
9..10		17	21	14	14.. 9	27, and wins?		
10.. 1		6	27	23 (*b*)				

2d.—J. F.'s Draw.

6..			31	26	10..1	6	32	27
7..12		16	27	24	11..9	14 (*a*)	18	9
8.. 8		12	24	19	12..6	18, and wins.		
9..15		24	23	19	See Variation D, in 85.			

3d.—Nemo's Draw.

6..			27	24	8..5	14, and wins?		
7..9		14 (*a*)	18	9				

4th.—To Patricius.

5..10		15	25	22	6..12	16, and now win for Defence.		

NOTES.

(*a*) Drummond here moves for Attack 11..16 to 19, 11..10 to 14, 7..10 to 14, respectively, which I regard only draw moves; but with the above variations I think Attack must win.

(*b*) If Defence make any other move they would equally lose.

Know Nothing would "do me a favor" by "showing up my errors," if they be. Yours respectfully, NEMO.

A CARD.

BUFFALO, Feb. 4, 1858.

TO AUGUSTUS—*Dear Sir:* The "Whilter" you refer to, I analysed thoroughly about a year ago, and arrived at the conclusion that the Whites move of 17 to 13 was good for a draw in any way Blacks could play. As I did not record any of the variations, except the one published, I could not give you all the draws without considerable trouble. When once you *attempt* to show a compulsory win for Black, I will give it my attention. Will you please inform me, if you have no objections, if yourself and Woburn played with me at the Pearl Street House, Boston, a short time since? Yours truly, HARRY.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, February 4, 1858.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—I send a copy of the "missing" for "Patricius."

1..11	to	15	22	to 18	7..10	to 14	24	to 19
2..15		22	25	18	8..15	24	28	19
3.. 8		11	29	25	9.. 7	10	31	26 (*b*)
4.. 4		8	24	20	10.. 3	7	32	27
5..10		15	26	22	11.. 9	13	18	9
6.. 6		10 (*a*)	27	24	12.. 5	14	19	16

Drawn.

(*a*) Here Anderson plays 9 to 14, or 15 to 19, and draws, but *Drummond* plays 6 to 10, and calls it a win.

(*b*) Drummond plays 32 to 28, and loses.

Augustus asks (in CLIPPER, Feb. 6) for information concerning Harry's Whilter, dedicated to Anderson. Now, as I expect Harry is quite competent to answer the question himself, I will merely observe that (our Champion) Mr. Hull, of Philadelphia, draws the game very easily after Augustus' 5 to 9 move has been made, and I think likely will take pleasure in forwarding his play, if desired. J. F.

[We shall be pleased to receive Mr. Hull's analysis.—ED. D. D.]

A CARD.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I agree exactly with your "leader" this week. "Everybody" does *not* know the "how" with "three Kings against two." I have seen very respectable players "bothered" exceedingly to solve the problem, and often give up in despair. To the great mass of players your solution will be as profitable, probably, as anything your learned correspondent will furnish for some time. Perhaps the game throughout is "simple" to him? I wish he would teach me *how* simple. Yours, PATRICIUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—Your Card was unavoidably "crowded out" last week. Glad to learn that you had a "good time" on your draught tour. You will always find our "latch string hanging out."

E. HULL, Philad'a.—We have examined your last End-Game Position, and consider it sound. It shall appear in due time, dedicated according to your request.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—We came across those two games on "Single Corner" a day or two since, and found them "rich." They shall appear soon.

PATRICIUS, New York.—Better confine yourself to *one* match game at a time. What say you to our advice?

G. R. MARDEN, Salem, Mass.—You may observe a position of yours this week. We "have a few more of the same sort left." Are we pardoned for giving it a "local habitation" and a name?

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Alonzo! where art thou?

LESBIA, Boston.—We bid you welcome to our corner: and rest assured that your letter has made us feel a foot taller than usual. A live Draught Club composed of Ladies in the good old city of Boston!! A club of twenty-five Ladies! This sounds something like! Your remarks on our game are to the point. We know of no draught code equal to that adopted in Scotland. Send along those specimens, and *see* if we don't accept them.

PATRICIUS, New York.—We are glad to find that you agree with us on the subject of preliminary instruction in our game. We meant Greenhorn.

J. M., of Quincy, Mass.—Send along that game. Your other Position all in good time.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—Your game on "Marengo" appears this week, for which accept our thanks. By the way, Patricius writes as follows: "Do I understand K. N. to say that Black *must* 'cave' in Game No. 95, playing as he did, up to the fourteenth move? At this stage of the game Blacks occupy 1, 6, 8, 9, 14, and 28. Whites 15, 21, 25, 27, 29, and 32. Black moves 14 to 18, and is cut off in detail. Would it not be different with him if he should go from 1 to 5, thus compelling White to come out from his loop-hole? It seems to me the game *ought* to be a draw."

LE DIABLE, New York.—Our draught players *used* to meet at Limburger's, corner Fulton and Nassau streets, but have "discontinued their come." Perhaps some of our city correspondents can enlighten you.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 189.

NEW SERIES.

BY AMERICAN.

White.			Black.		White.			Black.
1..32	to	27	23	to 32	3..16	to 19		15 to 24
2..22		26	20	27	4..26	31, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 190.

NEW SERIES.

BY WOBURN.

White.			Black.		White.			Black.
1..31	to	27	24	to 31	4..15	to	24	20 to 27
2..25		22	17	26	5.. 7	11, and wins.		
3..19		16	12	19				

LANCASTER, February 5, 1858.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* According to promise I send you a variation of that game called "Marengo," with notes appended.

GAME NO. 98.—NEW SERIES.

Black.			White		Black.			White.	
1..11	to	15	23	to 19	17..15	to	22	17	to 10
2.. 9		13 (*a*)	22	18	18.. 7		14	23	19
3..15		22	25	18	19.. 9		13	19	16
4.. 5		9	29	25	20..11		15	16	11
5..10		14	27	23	21..13		17	11	8
6.. 8		11	25	22	22..17		21	8	4
7.. 4		8	19	15	23..22		25	4	8
8.. 6		10 (*b*)	15	6	24..15		18	8	11
9.. 1		10	24	19	25..18		22	11	15
10..11		16 (*c*)	22	17	26..14		17	15	10
11..13		22	26	17	27..25		29	10	14
12.. 8		11	17	13	28..29		25	14	9
13..16		20 (*d*)	13	6	29..25		29	9	13
14.. 2		9	31	27	30..29		25	30	26
15..12		16	19	12	31..22		31	13	29
16..10		15	21	17 (*e*)	32..31		24	28	19 (*f*)
and wins.									

NOTES TO THE PRECEDING GAME.

(*a*) This opening Anderson calls "Will o' the Wisp;" Drummond hails it as the "Provost;" while J. McL. pronounces it to be "Marengo." As I prefer second side of this game very much, and never could perceive any meaning to the above names, suppose the contributors of the CLIPPER were to know it hereafter as the "Side Move and Middle Exchange Game," formed by the first seven moves, counting both sides?

(*b*) This is a variation from Anderson, and loses the game.

(*c*) Cramped already.

(*d*) The only move that prolongs Black's existence.

(*e*) This is a squasher, and leaves Black beyond the pale of hope.

(*f*) The 8th move knocked it into a "cocked hat."

It is very seldom indeed that Anderson's games can be improved with a winning variation. I particularly refer to the "Marengo." 6 to 10 was the variation, and 28 to 24 for the second side lost the game. Both moves showed very poor generalship indeed. Suppose friend Augustus should send on the variation resulting from the 5 to 9 move on "Harry's Whilter;" we could then judge the merits of his investigation, without so much extra thinking.

Yours truly, KNOW NOTHING.

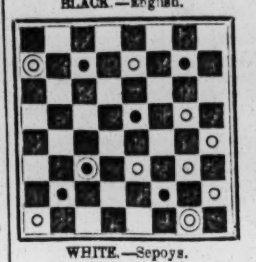
POSITION NO. 191.

NEW SERIES.

By G. R. Marden.

The Fall of Delhi.

BLACK.—English.



WHITE.—Sepoys.

Black to play and win.

POSITION NO. 192.

NEW SERIES.

By "Alick."

A fine stratagem.—[ED. D. D.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
12..11	16	18	15

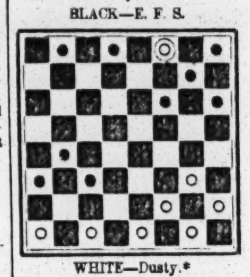
BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

Black—Greenhorn.		White—P. W.	
1..11	15	22	18
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11		

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

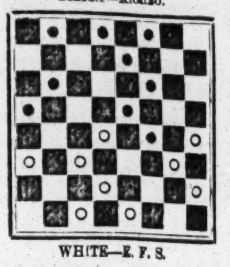


WHITE—Dusty.*

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

The above position is the result of the following moves:

White.		Black.		White to move. Moves since our last.			
				Black.	White.	Black.	White.
13	9	6	22	16	19	23	16
21	17	14	21	12	19		
25	14	10	17				
19	3, and Black to move.						

* Foo Foo's successor.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

IT is true about the Ponisi divorce case, as stated in our last; the divorce was granted, and Madame Ponisi united to Mr. Wallis, property man of the Broadway Theatre, all within the space of one week. But the other report, about Dick Tinto taking unto himself "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh," and all that sort of thing, "needs confirmation." Dick giving the rumor a flat contradiction. Well, we suppose *he* ought to know best. Then again it *is* a settled fact that matters are progressing favorably for a dissolution of partnership between Mr. A. H. Davenport, and his wife, Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport. Is'nt it strange what interest outsiders always manifest in these little domestic arrangements between man and wife.

"Two of a kind" don't always work well together, except in "Poker." Now, Mr. James Mellville, who has been exhibiting such wonders in riding his bare-backed steed, at the Broadway Circus, has found out the truth of this. If Mr. Eaton Stone, another excellent rider, had not been in the way, how cosily James might have glided along; but Eaton was there—he could ride as well as James—was an established favorite at the Broadway—and refused to be overshadowed by the latest arrival; so James finished up his business on Saturday night last, and will probably attach himself and horse to Dan Rice's Show, which opens in Philadelphia this week. So Eaton is "king-pin" of sawdust at the Broadway. Long may he wave.

This threatens to be the last week of the "great galaxy of talent" at Burton's, when the "combination" will be curtailed somewhat. Mr. Brougham starts on another starring tour, and will probably first pitch his tent in Chicago.

The Bryants are always first in the field with novelties—their latest novelty is a burlesque on Dan Rice's "Dream of Chivalry." The Bryants call it the "Dream of Shovel-ry," in which "tilts and tourneys of the olden time" are introduced. A remarkable instance of "clean shaving" is exhibited in "Scenes at Phalons," in which Jerry undergoes a painful operation without the use of chloroform. If you admire a beautiful ballad, well rendered, "listen to the songs" of Messrs. Prendergast and Percival. And, since the death of poor Tom Briggs, we have not met with such a banjo player as Unsworth, now attached to this company. In fact, the various departments are well-filled, and it is owing to this fact that success attends upon the troupe.

Laura Keene moves along with the tide and keeps up with the demands of her patrons. That clever comedian, Mr. Jefferson, had a benefit here on the 13th. It was a "productive" one, albeit the night was not very inviting for a promenade far from home. Excellent comedies, attractive dramas, and screaming farces, are the features this week. The business is tolerable.

The Howard family, including Little Cordelia, etc., are "on" at the Museum, doing a little sketch, in one act, from the inevitable "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled the "Death of Eva." H. Watkins' "Patriotic" drama continues to attract hosts of admirers.

"A drama of peculiar and powerful interest, and startling effects" is in preparation at Wallack's. They have been "cutting down" again the salaries of some of the *attaches*.

M. Bibin, the Belgian giant, said to be eight feet and four inches in height, is playing Gulliver, among the Lilliputians, at the Broadway Circus. He shows some tall acting, *he* does.

The "Orange Girl of Venice" has been produced at the Bowery. Mr. Eddy and Miss Sallie St. Clair are drawing fair houses.

Mike Lipman, "the celebrated American clown and jester, slack rope and perch performer, vaulter and rider," announces that he is "open" for proposals for the travelling season of 1858.

Lola Montez gave her lecture on "Strong Minded Women," on Monday evening last. The subject is fraught with terrible revelations, and startling denouements. Lola gave "Jobson" a piece of her mind in Court one day last week. We really pitied Jobson, but, for the life of us, could not undertake to assist him.

Chanfrau has closed his engagement at the National, and the management has fallen back upon the "stock," with the additional attraction of the Carlo family.

A new American comedy, in three acts, from the pen of Henry Morford, Esq., is to be produced at Burton's Theatre sometime during the ensuing week. The title of the comedy is the "Struggle for Gold." We hope the "Struggle" may prove successful.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

GOODALL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, recently organized, gave their first entertainment at Humor Hall, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2d, on which occasion the managers selected for representation, "Therese, the Orphan of Geneva," "The Momentous Question," and the first act of "Robert Macaire," with a full dish of extras. We defer giving any particulars, touching the merits of the new aspirants, until their next entertainment.

THE EDWIN BOOTH DRAMATIC CLUB, gave a brilliant entertainment at the Chinese Rooms, on Thursday evening, Feb. 4th, the occasion being their first benefit. A most attractive bill was presented, consisting of "Damon and Pythias," "The Mineralli," and "Nan, the Good for Nothing," Messrs. Ferguson, Winters, and Quinn, doing the leading characters of the first mentioned piece in a manner worthy of commendation, particularly Ferguson and Winters, who, as the "Two Friends," exhibited many excellent points, giving evidence of vast improvement. Miss Summers enacted "Colantha," with an equanimity seldom displayed by ladies of the amateur school. Miss Leigh appeared as "Lucullus," and won golden opinions. At the close of the piece, Mr. Anderson amused the audience with his rich comic song entitled "Four and Twenty Tailors," which was received with shouts of applause. By the way, Mr. Anderson is to receive a benefit, tendered him by the "New Orleans Harmonists," at the Chinese Rooms, on the evening of the 23d. The amateurs should give him a bumper. A new comedy is announced, written by a member of the E. B. D. C. and not by the * * * * Club, as stated on the bills. "Mum's the word, conscience," we hope it will not share the abuse and ridicule of the latter's conglomerated production.

THESPIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an exceedingly rich entertainment at Humor Hall, on Monday evening, Feb. 8th. The performance consisted of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and two pleasing farces, "Sketches in India," and "Two Bonny-castles." Messrs. Warwick, Nelson, Harrison, Conner, Maxwell, and Austin appeared in the leading parts. The "Shylock" of Harry Warwick was a splendid piece of art—a picture—a rendition that would please the most fastidious. The "Antonio" of Mr. Nelson was one of exceeding merit, and one of his happiest efforts. Messrs. Conner, Austin, and Maxwell, were particularly good. Miss Nelson, as "Portia," was fully suited to the part, and acquitted herself in a praiseworthy manner. As "Tom Top," in the farce, Mr. Austin was very ludicrous, as was Mr. Maxwell as "Count Glorieux" Max, how about that Silver Snuff Box—"General Jackson vs. Service" rendered in Nicaragua," "galoriously done." Harry Warwick proved himself a whole team as "Mathew Scraggs." Miss King, as "Lady Scraggs," needs no praise from us, as she is sure to succeed in whatever she undertakes. As the afterpiece went off with entire success, of course the audience departed in jolly good humor, convinced that private theatricals are not the worst institution in existence. Amen, say we.

AMATEUR CRITIC.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Mr. E. Forrest seems to have had a more severe and lasting spell of sickness in Cleveland than we had any idea of. He is now on the

mend, however, and it is expected that he will be able to reach his home in Philadelphia sometime during this week.

The theatre in Frankfort, Ky., although we have heard but little from there heretofore, appears to progress on a par with most establishments outside of the larger cities. The lessees and managers are J. D. Wood & Co.; acting and stage manager, R. L. Grierson; stage director, Harry Chapman; treasurer, J. D. Wood; property man, Mr. McFall; prompter, J. L. Barrett; machinists, H. Turner; costumer, J. Wilson. The company consists of Messrs. E. T. Stetson, Heartwell, Barrett, Dougherty, Grierson, Flagg, Chapman, Wilson, Marden; Mesdames M. A. Meecker, Chapman, Grierson, Miss Popp, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., are going to try their fortunes in the "Land of Gold." They sailed for California in the steamer which left New Orleans on the 8th inst.

Dick Sliter, having concluded his very profitable engagement in New York, gives the Bostonians a taste of his abilities this week. He has been engaged by Morris Brothers, Pell and Huntley's Minstrels, and made his first appearance at their opera house in Boston last Monday evening. Dick is said to be the champion dancer, and certainly he takes the most necessary and artistic steps to maintain his title to the honor; but we understand that Mickey Warren disputes his claim, and last week gave a challenge to Sliter through one of the daily journals of New York. Whether or not Dick was in New York at the time, we are not aware, but the challenge not having been responded to by Mr. Sliter, we incline to the opinion that he did not see it. Our Boston friends will find Dick to be a finished performer.

Miss Kimberley has raised another excitement at the Pittsburgh Theatre. It seems that a new play was announced for the 10th, but at the last moment "Johnson," who had a leading part in the piece, turned up missing, or, leastwise, did not respond to the call of time. Here was a dilemma—Johnson had the only copy of the play in his breeches pocket, and as neither Johnson nor the breeches could be found, a breach of contract with the audience was the unavoidable result, and another play was substituted. The next day, the contumacious Johnson made his first appearance in jail, the fair manageress having had him arrested and locked up to answer for his "unsportsmanlike conduct." And that's the end of Johnson.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Campbell's Minstrels have been performing in Indianapolis, and other places "out thar," and are to open in Chicago this week. The company includes 19 performers, viz: H. S. Rumsey, W. W. Newcomb, Harry Lehr, Charles M. Currier, John Ritter, Charles Sproure, Alfred Herman, Richard Carroll, Frank Beler, Little Bobby, only 7 years old, A. Neitsall, C. W. Gaul, E. C. Huntley, L. Minirie, Frank Leslie, Little Arthur, Billy Hedden, J. Morrison, Jr., and W. Andrews. They have introduced the brass band feature.

Edwin Booth is to commence an engagement at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre on the 23d. It is said of Edwin that during his recent engagement at New Orleans, he was ungallant enough to refuse to play with Louise Reeder on the ground that she could not support him creditably. Is it possible that he did thus read her out of his books? Fie, Edwin.

Death is busy in the "professional" ranks. Mrs. Nisbett, the great actress, died at St. Leonards, her residence, on the 16th ult., in the 46th year of her age. We have also seen it stated that Miss Blanche Fane, the original Gertrude, in the "Little Treasure," as performed at the Haymarket, London, died recently in Brooklyn.

Theatricals in St. Louis are thus spoken of by a correspondent, W. D. B.:—In theatrical matters we have been quite "flush" for the last two months. At the Peoples, or Woods, we have had the Keller troupe, A. J. Neafie, E. Forrest, C. Cushman, and John Owens; with C. Pope and Kate Denin Ryan as leading stock. At the Saint Louis, there have appeared James Stark, F. S. Chanfrau, Miss A. Jones and mother; with E. L. Tilton in leading parts. The Ronzani ballet troupe made their debut there on the 8th. Charles Mackey lectured at the Mercantile Library. Billy Birch's troupe are making the folks laugh at the Museum, while Rumsey & Newcomb are coming, and the posters are out for Frezzolini.

Of affairs at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, J. M. B., a correspondent, writes as follows, under date of the 7th: "Since our opening in September last, our business has been excellent, much better than we anticipated; and when the money panic devoured nearly all the specie, we almost relinquished the last hope of success; but, strange to say, it did not affect us materially, though on some occasions a "falling off" was perceptible, but during its whole sway, I am proud to add, our gentlemanly managers, Messrs. Kunkel & Co., never failed to pay FULL SALARIES up to the present date. For the past two weeks Mr. Sefton (old John) and his daughter, Miss Angela, have been astonishing the populace of the "City of Hills" with their great delineations. She is a living wonder—were I to tell you the particulars of her immense performances, she being but eighteen nights upon the stage, you would not credit it. My sincere wish is that you may one day feast your eyes upon her personal appearance and astonishing versatility of talent; for him, eulogium is superfluous."

Progress is the order of the day, whether in blacking boots on the Canal street plan, or entertaining the amusement-loving community. The latest innovation was a whistling match, which came off between Joseph Sage, of New York city, and John Thompson, of Geneva, N. Y., (both of North's Amphitheatre,) on Thursday, the 4th of February, at the Arcade Exchange, Chicago, for twenty dollars a side. Whistling commenced at eight o'clock, P. M., and at half-past twelve Sage was declared the winner. There was considerable betting at the commencement, chiefly in favor of Thompson; after the match their friends sat down to a sumptuous supper. Wonder if some of them did not have to pay pretty dear for the whistle!

The Christy Minstrels (Pierce & Raynor's) now performing in London have met with such patronage at the hands of the *bon ton*, of the codfish, of the *elite* of society, that they have begun to ape the manners and customs of their "noble patrons," and recently had a muss with a gentleman whose wife they refused to admit, unless she removed her bonnet. The wife stuck to her bonnet, the gent stuck to his wife, and the minstrels stuck to their dignity. An *emeute* (which means a difficulty) occurred, and the minstrels were carried off to *quod*, where judgment was given against them, and they had to fork over certain "equivalents" for the damage done to the fair fame of the lady and her love of a bonnet. Probably our minstrel friends have not got fairly broke in yet, and put on too many airs at first.

Matilda Heron closed an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 9th. Mr. H. Watkins' drama of the "Pioneer Patriot" is underlined at this house.

They don't encourage hissing at the New Orleans theatres. Recently, a young man hissed a modern air in "Richard III.," at the Gaiety. For thus "expressing his opinion" he was "caught by the waxen," and fined $0, in lieu of being sent to prison. Nice place, that, for amateurs to train in.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, whose wardrobe "was left behind them," had recovered the same, and made their *debut* in San Francisco on the 18th ult.

Fifty cents is the "ticket" for admission to witness Birch's Minstrels, at the St. Louis Museum. Guess they must have some extra pewter out in those diggings.

Mr. James Madison, the "Cast Iron Man," was "lifting things," and performing other extraordinary feats of strength, at Foster's Gayeties, Pittsburgh, last week.

Miss Emma Stanley had left San Francisco for Australia. She had met with success in California.

Ullman's Italian Opera troupe are performing at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. They made a "pile" in Philadelphia.

A New York Actor in Detroit, under date of February 12, says:—"Our theatre is closed. Dan Nourse opened the theatre at Flint on the 4th; he has the same company that was at the Metropolitan in this city. Mrs. Macready gives one of her popular readings in Adrien (Mich.) this evening. Gus Shaw's benefit takes place to-night; he leaves on Saturday, and opens in Toledo, Ohio, on Monday, the 15th. Success attend him.

A concert is to be given in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on Friday evening, Feb. 19, in which Theo. M. Brown, Paul Julien, Aptommas, Miss Maria Brainerd, and others will participate.

Signor Carlo Chenel, "the world renowned player on the Russian Piano and Magic Cane," of whom we had not heard before, gave a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mobile, on the 9th inst.

At Sanford's opera house, Philadelphia, on Monday evening last, the ladies were presented with valentines, varying in price from 25 cents to $10.

On the occasion of Mr. Madison's benefit, at Foster's Gayeties, Pittsburgh, on the 12th inst., Mons. Morgan was announced to perform the following feat:—A ladder was placed horizontally across the stage, within a short distance of the ceiling, on which he was to walk from one end to the other, with his head downwards—"a feat never before attempted in this country."

Mr. H. Placide concluded an engagement at Mobile on the the 13th. Maurice Strakosch was in Mobile, awaiting the arrival of Frezzolini. Thalberg, with Vieuxtemps, Madame Johansen, Miss Annie Kemp, the young American contralto, and Signor Ardavani, announced two concerts in Mobile, for the 11th and 12th of February. This troupe have been doing a fine business through the South.

Mr. Couldock proposes to give a Shaksperian reading before the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature. A lecture on the evils of the present system of banking in that State might be more beneficial just now.

While Mrs. D. P. Powers was attending to her managerial duties at the Walnut Street Theatre, one evening last week, some "evil disposed" chap entered her residence, and stole her plate. What a reprobate.

John E. Owens is playing this week at Miss Kimberley's Pittsburgh Theatre.

Even in Oregon Ethiopian minstrelsy has its representatives. A company recently performed in Portland, Oregon, to large houses. The "Pacific Comedy Troupe," a new company, were also performing there.

They pile it on rather steep about Mrs. Wood, in San Francisco. The bills call her "the Star of Comedy, whose genius, beauty, and vocal skill have been the universal theme of admiration, both in England and America." Go it; the gold hunters don't know any better.

Miss Ince closed an engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 16th ult., with a complimentary benefit. The house was densely packed. Miss Ince has since sailed for Australia, with her brother and sister.

For the benefit of Miss Sallie Stickney, at Welsh's Circus, Philadelphia, on the 15th, Mr. John Landis appeared as Ethiopian clown, and Mr. Sam. Long, a Southern clown, also appeared.

We are glad to see that the perseverence of McKean Buchanan is beginning to meet its just reward. He has just closed a successful engagement at Forbes' Theatre, Providence, during which he played Odeu, in a new tragedy, expressly written for him by Henry Morford, of New York, entitled "The Merchant's Honor, or the Lost Daughter," which was very successful. We are equally pleased to record the success of the actor as well as neighbor Morford's new play.

An exchange notices the marriage of Miss Angeline Braham, daughter of the great vocalist, and adds: "We congratulate the bridegroom upon his privilege of reposing, even on earth, upon A-Braham's bosom."

Lablache, the "great" Lablache, is dead in earnest this time. His decease took place recently at Naples. He was aged 68 years. One of his children is said to be the wife of Thalberg, the pianist, now traveling in the South.

Chanfrau commences an engagement at the St. Charles, New Orleans, on the 1st of March.

Mr. W. M. Fleming's engagement at the Boston National closed on the 15th, with a farewell benefit; the houses have not been very flattering during the past week, the Ravels, at the Boston, and the Morris Brothers minstrels, attracting the masses to their entertainments.

Perham's Opera Troupe (not Josiah's) played in Portland last week to good houses. There are several good performers attached to the company.

For the benefit of the profession, we give this advertisement, which we find in one of the daily journals:—"Albany Theatre.—Two dancers wanted, one lady, one or more jig dancers, (Dick Sliter and Micky Warren can apply,) a good comic singer; also acrobats, who are at present disengaged. State lowest terms. Apply immediately to C. T. Smith."

CANINE.

SPORTING.—A great handicap rat match will come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24th, 1858, instead of the 23d as advertised last week, when three handsome collars and slips will be awarded to the dogs of the following weights:—First prize, of a collar and slip, for dogs not exceeding 7 pounds, to kill 5 rats each; second prize, for dogs not exceeding 14 pounds, to kill 6 rats each; and the last prize of a collar and slip, to dogs not exceeding 21 pounds, to kill 7 rats each. Also, Harry Jennings will introduce the smallest black tan terrier dog that was ever brought under public notice. This puppy is not to exceed the extraordinary weight of 18 ounces, and to kill six rats in five minutes for $10. H. J. will also introduce his newly arrived bear "Dennis," from Russia, which will be run at for a handsome collar. H. J.'s Mexican fighting pig will also be baited on this occasion. The musk cat and ferrett will also kill a few rats on this night. There will also be several interesting sets to in the course of the evening. The wind up will be between H. J.'s Red Jack and the little Patterson dog Paul. Rats free. Collars and slips to be seen at the bar. Doors open at half past seven; to commence killing at eight. Admission, 25 cents.

FIGHT IN CLEVELAND—JACK VS. BOXER.—The fight between T. F. Andrew's dog Jack, and Paul McGuire's dog Boxer, took place (as previously announced in the CLIPPER) on the 8th inst., about one mile from Cleveland, and the largest crowd that ever assembled to witness a dog fight in these parts, were present on the occasion—there were between 400 and 500. A large room had been engaged for the occasion, but the crowd was so great that it was finally agreed to have the fight take place in a field adjoining the tavern. All expected to see a bruising fight, but as will be seen, were doomed to be disappointed, for the story is soon told. Andrew's dog proved the victor in just 15 minutes. McGuire's dog obtained the first two falls, and fought quite fast for five minutes or so, but after that Jack had it all his own way, and received but little punishment. CLEVELANDER.

CHALLENGE TO PHILADELPHIA.—I will fight my dog Rattler, 28¼ or 24 pounds, against any dog in Philadelphia of the same weight, for $200 or $300 a side, and I will give them $20 for their expenses to New York; to fight in 4 or 5 weeks from the first deposit. By sending a deposit of $50 to the CLIPPER office, a match can be made and articles drawn up. If the Philadelphia men mean talk, and not fighting, I will fight him against any dog in the States on the same terms. J. M.

BOBBY AND BILLY.—A fight between Mr. McCann's dog Bobby, and Mr. McLaughlin's finishing dog Billy, came off a short time ago for $50, when, after a well contested fight of one hour and twenty minutes, Bobby was unable to scratch, and Billy was declared the winner. They were both imported Scotch dogs. From the effects of the above fight, Bobby has since died.

A MATCH has been made between Dutch Cris's slut Betsey, alias the Forty-acre pet, and Mr. Smith's South Brooklyn slut Rose, each 19 pounds weight, to come off on Tuesday evening, March 2d, 1858, at 8 o'clock, at Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, N. Y.

CHALLENGE.—John Marriott will match his dog Cribb against the Philadelphia dog Paddy, 32 lbs., give or take half pound, or will fight any other dog of that weight, for $100 to $200 a side, in four or five weeks from first deposit. A deposit left at the CLIPPER office, will receive immediate attention.

COCKING.

A LICK AT COLE STREET.—EDITOR CLIPPER: I notice a communication in your last paper, signed "Cole Street," and deem it worth a passing notice. "Cole Street," in noticing the performances of R. McM.'s fowl, says: "he made his first appearance in the magic circle in 1854, but by some mismanagement ended in a draw." It was truly mismanagement, for R. McM. lost the fight, but refused to give up the battle money! His next encounter was, as he states, with an imported English chicken, not fit, to take the owner's words, to fight for straws, and put into the pit only to test him; but so confident were his backers that they could whip R. McM.'s fowl at any odds, that they backed him for $50; but the celebrated chicken in question won by hard scratching. As to the next fight with the Screwdock, it would only have been becoming modesty in "Cole Street" not to mention that fight, as he and everyone else knows that the Screwdock was blind, lame and sick, and fought to get him off the premises. But now we come to the spirit of the whole affair. R. McM., having all his previous life breathed nothing but defiance against the British chickens, as he styled them, was, by some process, coaxed or brought over to that same British side, forsaking his former companions and friends; and as renegades are always more zealous than old converts, he kept up a constant blowing, until at last, in a friendly way, I made a match with him to fight a blinker chicken, of whose running I was sure if he got pinched, but fought him anyhow for accommodation. The end was as expected, and here the matter should have ended; but a misguided friend presented R. McM. with the emblem he mentions, only mistaking the most important color, having green instead of blue! As to the fight with the famous Welsh chicken, not being aware that we entertained feelings of hostility against those who were once friends, that fight was made with an unknown chicken, and fought for the fun of the thing—five dollars being all that was won or lost. A word as to the epithets and names used in the communication. I hold that no man ought to repudiate the trade by which he makes his living, shoemaker or cobbler, and if he always fights on the square, asks no advantage, and gives up the money when he loses, it is all that can be expected of him, and will rank him as a gentleman if he has no trade at all. Again, if I desired to retaliate, (my party, as they have been styled, being all to the manor born,) do you not think I might on Paddy and Johannes, not to mention Mr. Bull! but courtesy being so rare an article, it will not do to deal in slang; and if there is anything herein contained not perectly in order, I hope to be pardoned. But I always mean work when I enter the lists, and am now ready to fight the victorious blinker, on his owner's own conditions, for from a box of matches up to twenty dollars. I will also fight I. W. and his party another main, showing fifteen cocks, fighting all that will fall in weights, Philadelphia tools and Philadelphia rules, anywhere, for $20 the fight, and $50 the odd fight. Man and money ready at all times, at my place of business in Sixth street. C. W.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

TRAP SHOOTING IN NEW JERSEY.—Burlington, N. J., Feb. 13, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN: Last Thursday the lovers of trap shooting mustered in great numbers at the house of Mr. Levi Davis, in Bordentown, to witness the proceeding of a match announced to come off that day for two prizes, namely: a gold watch, and a live deer, the one killing the most birds to take choice of prizes—to shoot from a spring trap, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds, 1¼ oz. of shot. The day was very cold, the wind blowing hard from N. W., and there not being enough shooters present to get up both prizes, they concluded to shoot for the deer alone, which was put up for $40; 8 chances, at $5 per chance. The following is a summary of the shooting:

Mr. John Taylor	10	—1—Jersey City
" Levi Davis	11110	—4—Bordentown
" Miles Johnson	1110	—3— do
" Charles Adams	1111111110	—9—Burlington
" Evan Seeds	10	—1—Bridgboro
" Jacob Myers (shot by Adams)	1111111111	—10—Burlington
" Jacob Hartshorne	10	—1
" William Seeds (the Chester Boy)	1111111110	—9—Bridgboro

which was decided in favor of Chas. Adams, of Burlington, he killing 10 birds on his second chance, making 17 out of 20 birds killed by Adams, which was considered good shooting the way the wind was blowing.

P. S. Mr. Adams will be present on the 1st of next month to participate in the Grand Shooting Tournament to come off at that time. SKIP.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN NEWARK.—A match at Pigeons took place at Newark, N. J., on the 10th inst., between Mr. Brooks and George Worn, for $10 a side—1½ oz. of shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall. Mr. Brooks won, killing all his birds, while his opponent missed his last bird, owing to his gun going off prematurely.

THE TOURNAMENT.—Cleveland, Ohio, February 10, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: In the tournament of pigeon shooters announced in your paper, allow me to suggest a certain number of double shots, as well as single; by so arranging the shooting, I think the best shot will win. Yours obligingly, G. W. COOPER, Dog Breaker, Cleveland.

TROTTING IN CANADA.—London, Canada, Feb. 8, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: There is very little fun here, owing to the hard times; now and then you will see a scrub race or something of that sort. A most laughable scene took place on Saturday; Mr. T. H. Phillips, and Mr. J. N. G. Lodge, were boasting about their horses for a long time, and at last got up a trotting match for $500 a side, as follows:

J. H. Phillip's mare Nannie Whitehead	1	2	2
J. N. G. Lodge's bay mare Fanny	2	1	1

Time, 3:0; 2:59; 3:03.

On the last heat Phillips horse took it into his head to throw his master, and broke all the teeth out of his head. J. M. S.

GAME OF FOOT BALL.—West Chester, Pa., Feb. 13.—TO FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir*: A game of *foot ball* was recently played between two rival schools of this borough, at the West Chester Fair ground. We, the students of Bolmar's school, wishing to have a trial of our skill at foot ball, challenged the students of Wyer's school to contest for the superiority. When we arrived at the appointed place, we found Wyer's students assembled on the ground. A little dispute arose at first about the number to play on each side, we at the time of challenging having agreed upon twenty; when, having counted our respective forces, we found that Wyer's boys lacked five of the number, which they made up of men from the town. After a very hard struggle, and some very good playing on both sides (they having the wind in their favor) one of our men kicked the ball in to their base, they thereby winning the game. In the second game (we having changed bases so that the wind was in our favor) after a well contested but somewhat long struggle, we succeeded in getting a home. The third game we also won in shorter time than either of the former, thereby winning the best two games of three, which gave the game to the students of Bolmar's school.

The playing was fair, and did honor to both sides. There was a small dispute in the middle of the first game between two boys, on opposite sides, but the whole affair passed off quietly and peaceably. There were a good many spectators present, among whom was Dr. Cooper, who will vouch for the truth of this letter. Knowing that you encourage such sports, we venture to address you, hoping that you will publish this in your valuable and spicy sheet. We remain yours truly, JACOB SCOTT, HENRY LEE, SAM. H. PAIR.

OBITUARY.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my earliest days—
None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee, but to praise."

The readers of the CLIPPER will miss a correspondent, but we of the sporting circle of Philadelphia mourn an old and much esteemed friend. MEERSCHAUM is no more. On Wednesday, Feb. 10, while on a sporting tour at Cadville, Pa., he contracted pneumonia, and died the same evening. To know him was indeed to love him; and although it may seem unmanly to shed a tear, yet there were many moistened eyes upon the first tidings of our loss. He was the soul of honor, and the life of good company. His knowledge of turf matters, his comic vein of humor, his inimitable vocal powers, and his readiness at all times to please, made him the centre of good fellowship. Alas! there are many who will miss him here, and some eyes in California will not be dry on reading this. Pity that so much of goodness should be snatched so suddenly away; but death leaves us only the melancholy pleasure of remembering the virtues of the departed. Let us hope that we may, when called to our last account, leave behind us the record of as many good deeds as the LITTLE JOKER, and as many true friends to keep our memory green.

"Life is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

SEE TO IT.—"Stand not upon the order of your going," but go at once to Dr. Gouraud's and purchase a cake of his celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which is a great remedy for chaps, chaics, &c., &c. Every day we hear complaints about chapped hands, and chafed limbs, &c. Now no one need suffer if the remedy we recommend be tried. It is as certain to remove chaps, as the Doctor's Hair Dye to change light, red, or gray hair to a beautiful brown or jet black; and, by the way, thousands have tried the latter during the past week. If you wish any of the Doctor's Cosmetics, call at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also at T. R. Callendar's, No. 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and J. B. Bates's, No. 129 Washington street, Boston.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, ABOVE GRAND STREET.
Open every night during the week.
THE CELEBRATED AND ORIGINAL
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
COMPRISING THIRTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS.
Introducing a new variety of
SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUE SAYINGS,
SHAKSPERIAN READINGS, HORSE COMBAT,
SAW DUST ACROBATS, CHALLENGE DANCE,
ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c
JERRY, NEIL, AND DAN BRYANT
In a variety of Comicalities.
Doors open at 7.—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & HUNTLEY'S MINSTRELS!
OPERA HOUSE.....SCHOOL STREET,
OPPOSITE FRANKLIN MONUMENT,
Boston.
The above Company commence their Series of Unique Burlesque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, January 4th, 1858, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this the place of amusement for the play going public.
Cards of admission, 25 cents; children under ten years, 15 cents.
Doors open at 6¾ o'clock; performance commencing at 7½.
59 LON MORRIS & J. T. HUNTLEY, Business Managers.

"THE PACIFIC,"
NO. 489 WASHINGTON STREET,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET MARKET,
Convenient to the Collins' Dock, and the Liverpool Screw Steamer Line, Pier 44.
Parties seeing their friends away by any of the above steamers, will do well to call on JIM FARRISH, the Proprietor of the above House. He is always on hand to welcome his friends and the public.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c., at the first quality. Free Lunch from 10 to 12 A. M.; Saturday evenings from 7 to 12 P. M. Board and Lodging by the day or week. 44-4t

I WILL SEND, FOR 25 CENTS, THE HUNTERS SECRET, SECRET Art of Catching Fish, &c. Address G. G. BERRY, 44-1t N. Strafford, N. H.

75 CENTS.
TO THOSE THAT PLAY FOR MONEY. 75 CENTS WILL BUY one pack of "Advantage or Marked Back Playing Cards." Three packs for $2, six packs, $3 50; one dozen for $6. Sent to any address by H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass. 43-3t.

THE MULTUM IN PARVO RECEIPT BOOK,
CONTAINING RECIPES FOR MAKING MEAD, GINGER POP, LEMON SYRUP, Mineral Water, Honey, Ice Cream, Hair Oil, Cologne, Inks, Blackings, Toilette Soaps, Silver Plating Fluid, &c., &c. Sent post-paid, for 25 cents. Address 44-1t D. STEVENS & CO., Newton, N. H.

FOR SALE.
A BOND OFFERS FOR SALE HIS CELEBRATED HORSE DALTON, for $2000. He will warrant "Dalton" to pace half a mile in *one minute and ten seconds!* He is sound and kind, a powerful fleet roadster, and perfectly safe for either man, woman, or child to drive. As an instance of his docility, a little circumstance took place recently which we give—the wife of the owner, and another lady, were taking a ride behind Dalton, and, when a few miles from the city, Dalton going at the rate of 2:50, one of the traces became unfastened, letting down the shafts, which began to dangle about the legs of the animal. Dalton, as if by instinct, seemed to feel that all was not right, and at once held up and waited until the harness had been properly arranged again, when he started off again at a 2:40 gait. This fact goes to prove Dalton one of the best family horses in existence. His owner has already been offered $1100 for him, but of course he refused the offer, his price being $2000, as stated above. Any person wishing a fast family horse, that is perfectly safe for any one to drive, will do well to take a look at Dalton, and try his speed, etc., in a drive with A. Bond, the owner, before purchasing.—Dover, N. H. 44-2 mos.

TO MY PATRONS.
SUCH HAS BEEN THE RUSH OF BUSINESS DURING THE LAST two weeks, that I have been unable to fill all orders promptly; but am happy to say that I shall be able in future to do so, as I have started in this place a manufactory, where I shall keep constantly on hand, and make to order, Advantage Cards (printed, cut, and marked for the different games,) of all kinds, styles and qualities, from a cheap cotton up to a nice ivory-surfaced gold illuminated card, which I will sell at prices that will defy competition. Prices according to the quality of the card. Samples, with prices, sent free of expense to any address. A liberal discount to the trade. Agents wanted. Also, Strippers and Riffs; Marked, Printed and Cut Strippers and Riffs, and all other "winning" articles, at the lowest prices.
N. B.—Beware of sending money to persons that advertise to sell cheaper than I do; there has been one or two that have advertised lately; and just for the sport, I sent (under an assumed name from Chicopee, seven miles from here) three red stamps to one, and one dollar to another, and up to the present time I have heard nothing from either; and when a person says he will send you cards for 75 cents a pack, be is either going to humbug you, or send a cheap deck. Now I have cards that I will sell for 50 cents a single pack, $4 a doz., and $15 a gross; but if a person wants a good card, he has got to pay a good price for it; and now if any one wants a 50 cent deck, and has no money to pay for it, if he will enclose a lock of his hair he shall have a deck, free gratis, as I am determined not to be undersold by any one. Your most humble servant, 44-1t HURDIS YELL, Springfield, Mass.

A GREAT PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT,
TO COME OFF AT NEW YORK ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, the 1st and 2d March next. Open to the whole of the United States.
FIRST.—MARCH 1ST.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $10 each. To be divided in the following proportion:
The winner to receive Two Hundred Dollars.
The second " Sixty Dollars.
The third " Forty Dollars.
SECOND.—MARCH 1ST.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $5 each. To be divided in the following proportion:
The winner to receive One Hundred Dollars.
The second " Thirty Dollars.
The third " Twenty Dollars.
THIRD.—MARCH 2D.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $3 each.
The winner to receive Fifty Dollars.
The second " Twenty-five Dollars.
The third " Fifteen Dollars.
CONDITIONS.—1st. Each member to shoot in accordance with the Rules of Pigeon Shooting,* at 12 birds each, ground trap, 1⅛ ounce shot, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. The winner of the first or principal sweepstake to be excluded from shooting in either of the other two sweepstakes.
2d. Should any or all of the above sweepstakes not fill, the money in each of them to be divided in the above proportion; and in case a greater number of members enter than thirty, the same proportion of division to be observed.
3d. A deduction of 2½ per cent. from the above stakes to be made to defray the incidental expenses.
4th. All nominations to be made to the Editor of the CLIPPER; the entry to close on Monday, the 22d February.
5th. No person to be allowed to have more than two nominations to any sweepstakes.
* Published in CLIPPER, Feb. 6.

PRIVATE MEDICAL OFFICE.
DR. DARBY CAN CAN BE CONSULTED, CONFIDENTIALLY, ON all complaints arising from indiscretion, either personally or by letter, at No. 8 Clark street, Boston. The celebrated Lesage Specific, a certain remedy for Gleet, Seminal Weakness, &c., $1 per bottle, two for $1.75. French Preventives against Infectious Diseases or Pregnancy (made of India rubber,) are sent anywhere per post. Price, two for $1, or $4 per dozen. 42-3mos*

"THE SOCIABLE."
JOHN MARRIOTT RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND the public generally, that he has just taken the Saloon, No. 21 ROSEVELT STREET, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Dogs trained in the most skilful and experienced manner, on reasonable terms. 43-4t

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.
SARGENT, IRISH, MEXICAN, SEFTON, COUNTERFEIT, NATIVE, Spanish, Sumatra, Earl Derbys; also, five pairs silver laced Sebright Bantams, three pairs Pheasant Bantams, six pairs White Silkey Fowls of Japan, six pairs Pouter Pigeons, three pairs White Guinea Fowls, three pairs White Turdeys. Eggs of all of the above fowls for sale. Address JONATHAN DORWART, 43-3mos. Lancaster City, Pa.

MARKED CARDS,
STRIPPERS, BRIEFS, AND CARDS THAT YOU CAN CUT HIGH or low just as you please for 75 cents per single pack; $6 per dozen; and $50 per gross. Marked Strippers, $1 25 per single pack; $9 per dozen; $75 per gross. Orders promptly attended to by 43-3t H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.
A VERY FINE VIXEN FOX, EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD. FOR price, address W. L., CLIPPER office. 40-tf

FREE AND EASY UP TOWN.
WILLIAM BUTLER, CHELSEA MANOR ROOMS, CORNER OF 25th Street and Ninth Avenue, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that his Free and Easies are now in full blast every Saturday evening. On Saturday next the chair will be taken by a celebrated Amateur, one of the old school, assisted by some of the best talent up town.
The best brands of Liquors, Cigars, &c., on hand. 41-4t

SUFFERERS FROM SEMINAL WEAKNESS,
OR INVOLUNTARY EMISSIONS, DON'T FOOL AWAY MONEY upon "Rings," "Curative (?) Instruments," "Invigorating (?) Cordials," "Regenerators," Buchu, Quack Books, or pseudo-"Doctors," hoping to regain lost health, for they *always injure*, but NEVER CURE any one; and now "show I unto you a more excellent way." Enclose a stamp, and address, in *perfect confidence*, your friend and former fellow sufferer, WM. J. S. C. ADAMS, 38-3m Box 176, Charlestown, Mass.

P. HEALY & CO.,
NO. 50 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of 32-6m
BOXING, SWORD, AND CRICKET GLOVES.

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THE LARGEST STOCK OF BOOK, NEWS AND WRAPPING PAPERS in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping
CANDLE-WICK and CAP WASTE.
29 BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman street

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
CORNER OF BRIDGE AND JOHN STREETS, BROOKLYN.—HARRY GRIBBIN begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends in Brooklyn and New York, that he has taken and entered upon the above Hotel, where he will always have on hand a choice and excellent assortment of the best Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors, together with the finest brands of Cigars. His house is immediately contiguous to the Roosevelt Ferry, and he will at all times be glad to see his old friends and supporters at the above place.
The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-35.

GAME FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Native, Sumatras, Wild Indian, Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones.
32-1mo. L. B. LEGG, Dover, N. H.

FOR SALE.
THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, Sergeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar; the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. H. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.
P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 13-6m

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all bopping or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.
All orders to be addressed to MICHAEL PHELAN.
Salesrooms 786 and 788 Broadway, cor. 9th
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JUST PUBLISHED—PRICE $1, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," Its Theory and Practice, with numerous Illustrations. By Michael Phelan, author of "*Billiards Without a Master*." Single copies mailed free on receipt of price, by O'CONNER & COLLENDER, 39-3m 53 Ann street, N. Y.

RICH AND INTERESTING.
TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTH reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.
On receipt of the money these books will be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States.

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Julia King; or, The Follies of My Life	25
The Gay Deceiver; or, Man's Perfidy and Woman's Frailty	25
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Any Book, Print, or any article connected with the Trade, published in the United States or Europe, can be furnished by us.
A large deduction made to persons who buy by the quantity to sell again. Our Complete Catalogues will be sent FREE to those who will write for them. Address all orders to HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York.
We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 38-1m

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE annexed capital illustration, and the accompanying letter on the subject of "Physical Education," we take from a late number of the London *Punch*:

A GOVERNESS TO HER SISTER.

"MY DEAR ANGELINA,

"HAVE you got a boxing-master at MRS. ST. EXTRA'S school—I beg pardon, Establishment? Don't laugh, now. When I became a governess, I certainly did not include fighting among the fifty or sixty things which I undertook to teach thoroughly, and it may not come among your duties as a teacher yet. But we never know what may happen. "MR. MONTMORENCY'S eye was caught the other day by the following advertisement:

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—MR. JOWL respectfully draws attention of parents and teachers of his superior STOCK of BOXING GLOVES, fencing foils, masks, slippers, and gauntlets, buffalo hilts, &c. Catalogues of price gratis.

"'Rather rough English,' I said, when he handed it to me at breakfast.

"'Perhaps,' he replied, 'that is to be in keeping with the rough English character of the proposed education. But it is a capital notion, and we'll try it on one of your pupils, MISS EARNSHAW, if Mamma sees no objection.'

"Mamma, who, between ourselves, is the silliest doll that ever was put at the head of a family,—and, when I think of the good fortune of that pretty idiot, while somebody else, not quite such an idiot, but quite as pretty, has to work from seven in the morning till nine at night for sixty guineas a-year, it makes me sure that there must be another place where everything will be balanced—what was I saying?—O yes, Mamma simpered, and then began looking at her bracelets. Not that her objection would have mattered, for MR. M. has a will of his own, I can tell you, and perhaps that's why he likes a goose who has none.

"My dear! That afternoon there came home a whole cabful of foils, masks, boxing-gloves, and single sticks, and with them came the most awful man you ever saw. He was not savage, on the contrary, he meant to be exceedingly polite, but as his nose was flattened, his hair cut short, and as for his hands—I profess Greek you know, and I have therefore read POPE'S *Homer*. He mentions somebody who knocked down an ox with his fist. My dear, this man could have knocked down a Mammoth or Megatherium, for I profess comparative anatomy, you know.

"Dear little CHARLEY, who is the sweetest child in the whole world, and not in the least like his Mamma, was ordered down, and introduced to the man, who was called DADDLES by MR. MONTMORENCY. And the dear little pet was made to put on huge gloves, as big as his pretty head, and pretend to fight with the monster. And very well indeed he did it as soon as his first shyness was over, and struck at MR. DADDLES with all his might, to Papa's great delight. But the Professor—my brother-professor, my dear—grunted out, that he could teach better if there was two on 'em of a size, and so MR. MONTMORENCY prevailed upon his neighbor, MRS. MAJORIBANKS, to let her children learn with ours. And the nursery is made a regular arena, like that of the old gladiators, for I profess Roman History, you know.

"Such fights we have, and I am getting quite learned in the technicalities of the business. EDWARD, whom I told about it, perfectly roared, and next day sent me a newspaper of which I had never heard, full of accounts of battles. It is called the *Bell's Life in London*. And one day, when PROFESSOR DADDLES was there, and the children were all fighting one another, I said: 'NOW, CHARLEY, dear, darken his daylights.' I thought the Professor would have kissed me, his dreadful face lightened up with so much ecstacy at hearing his own language. MR. MONTMORENCY looked at me, as much as to say: 'It would be a long time before my doll in the drawing-room would have picked up anything like that.' However, I ought not to write such things, for I profess charity, you know.

"I hope it is doing CHARLEY good. His Papa thinks so, and says that he shall use his influence to get Physical Education introduced into the nursery of every friend he knows. So you had better try and learn something about it, because we might profess the rudiments of boxing—it would be another item of accomplishments. Write to me soon, and give Mamma my love, and the ten pounds I enclose, and make the dear old thing buy herself a new shawl. The doll has had such a beauty given her for her ridiculous little shoulders.

"Ever your affectionate Sister,

"*Oxford Terrace.* "CAROLINE EARNSHAW."

P. S. Make Ma. buy the shawl, or I will darken your daylights."

Now be careful Sir and mind what I told you about poppingin your Left
Hah! Handles his Mawleys well Mum! I say!
I think he improves Doctor!

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO HIT FROM THE SHOULDER.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER,

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

SECOND GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN SPRING AND LANGAN.

CONCLUDED.

After a contest of one hour and forty-nine minutes, the hat was thrown up, and Spring was declared the conqueror amidst the loudest shouts of approbation. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sant immediately ascended the stage: Mr. Sant congratulated Spring on his victory; but concluded: "if you ever fight again, I will never speak to you any more. Tom, I never saw such bad hands in any battle." Spring replied: "Sir, I never will." He then left the knee of his second, and went up to Langan, and laid hold of his hand. The Irish Champion had not yet recovered, but on opening his eyes, he asked in a faint tone: "Is the battle over?" "Yes," replied Belcher. "O, dear!" articulated Langan. Spring immediately shook his hand again, and said: "Jack, you and I must be friends to the end of our lives; and anything that is within my power, I will serve you. When I see you in town, I will give you £10." Spring then left the stage with his friends to go to the Swan Hotel, Chichester. He was received by the shouts of the populace all along the road; and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows as he passed along. Langan, as soon as he had recovered a little from the effects of the battle, left the stage amidst very loud tokens of approbation. "You are an extraordinary fellow, Langan, a brave man," &c.

The Irish Champion, accompanied by Belcher and his backer, also received great applause on his return to the Dolphin, in Chichester; and the fair sex were equally liberal in waving their handkerchiefs as Langan passed by their windows. Spring was immediately put to bed, and bled, and a warm bath prepared for him. His hands were frightful, and his face also exhibited much more punishment than appeared upon the stage; but he was cheerful and collected. The same kind attention was paid to Langan; and on being asked by the writer of this article how he felt himself? he replied: "Very well; I have lost the battle, but it is owing to my want of condition; I am not quite twelve stone; I have been harrassed all over the country; I have traveled two hundred and sixty miles within the last two days; I was feverish, and was on the road instead of my bed on Saturday night; I wanted rest." On making his man comfortable, Belcher, accompanied by his bottle-holder, and also Colonel O'Neal, in the true spirit of chivalry, all rivalry now being at an end, paid a visit to the bedside of Spring. Here all was friendly, as it should be; and all parties now being anxious for the recovery of both of the pugilists. "How is Langan?" said Spring to Belcher. "He is doing well," replied Tom. "I am glad of it," said Spring. "We have had a fair fight, we have been licked, and I am satisfied," observed Belcher. All parties shook hands over the bed of the conqueror. On leaving Spring, Mr. Sant, followed by Tom Cribb and Ned Painter, immediately returned with Colonel O'Neal to the bedside of Langan. Mr. Sant observed: "Well, Langan, how do you do—do you know me? You can't see me." "Yes, sir," replied the fallen hero. "I am Spring's backer," said Mr. Sant, "but nevertheless, your friend." "I am obliged to you, sir," answered Langan, "if it was not for such gentlemen as you in the sporting world, we should have no fights. Indeed, Tom Spring is a smart, clever fellow, and I wish him well." "That is liberal," said Painter, "and I am happy to hear one brave man speak well of another." The visitors now retired, and left Langan to repose himself.

REMARKS.

The above contest was one of the fairest battles we ever witnessed: it was truly delightful to view such conduct. Langan and Spring had twenty-four square feet for their exertions, without the slightest interruption throughout the mill. The seconds and bottle-holders did their duty like men: they remained as fixtures during the whole of the fight, except when the rounds were at an end, and their assistance became necessary. The umpires were gentlemen: an Englishman for Spring, and an Irishman for Langan; and they both acted like gentlemen: they watched every movement of the men, that nothing like foul play should be attempted on either side: and they had the satisfaction of feeling there was no difference of opinion between them in any instance whatever, and likewise no necessity to call upon the referee for a decision to decide between them in case of a dispute.

Langan has been beaten against his will, and it decides our report of the battle at Worcester, and therefore sets all disputes upon that head at rest. The conduct of Belcher deserves the highest praise as a second in this battle; he stuck to his man like glue; and his humanity ought not to be called in question: he was anxious that no reports should reach Ireland, or be scattered over England, that he had given in for his man. Langan previous to the battle requested, nay, insisted, that his bottle-holder nor second should take upon themselves that privilege which only rested in his own bosom. They complied with it; and Langan, we repeat, has been conquered against his will.

He could not control the uncertain chance of war! But the *argument* is—the "comparison." We assert, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, it was no match between Spring and Langan, and Langan only was to blame to make it. But the Irish Champion was ambitious, and dearly has he paid for that ambition; yet there was something about it aspiring and noble. The greatest fault we find with Langan, and it is a fault we hope he will correct in future. He held his opponent too lightly: and he also began at the wrong end of the P. R.; the bottom of the tree is perhaps the safest to commence at for a novice: with the middle of it, perhaps, there might not have been any danger, and even a good chance for Langan, had he been engaged with a customer near the top, for his first essay; but to endeavor to "out-top the top of the tree" was trebly hazardous, and he has fallen in the aspiring attempt. But, nevertheless, he has risen in the estimation of his countrymen; he has also risen in the hearts of all brave Englishmen; and twenty thousand or more spectators, at Man-Wood, near Chichester, pronounced him one of the bravest men alive! We shall offer no excuse for Langan—and the ridiculous "*if*," we shall not resort to. Langan, most certainly, was out of condition; his mode of training, if training it could be called, could not do him any service. He was not a week together in any single place. After the match was made he went to Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, &c.; and his journey to Leamington, (which was purely accidental, and could not be avoided,) then back again, on the place of fighting being altered, no man will deny that such a journey took some rounds out of him in the battle, which rounds he wanted very much towards the end of the fight.

After thirty minutes had elapsed, it appeared to be the general opinion of the ring, by the advantages Spring had gained, that the battle would be decided in forty minutes; but at that period Langan recovered, and Spring became weaker, and the best judges declared they did not know what to make of it. The strength of Langan, certainly for several rounds, did not make it decidedly safe to Spring.

In regard to Spring's last battle with Langan, it was apparent that the superior science of Spring won him the battle; but we always viewed Tom as an artificial fighter, and that he and no natural hits belonging to him. It is owing to this circumstance that we have placed Spring in the highest place on the boxing list. The late celebrated John Kemble was the most artificial actor of his day, but he was admitted by the critics to be the greatest performer of his time. So with Tom Spring; he has overcome the defects of nature, and, without any natural requisites for fighting, he has become the Champion of England. He has made himself master of self-defence: if Tom cannot hit hard himself, he prevents others from hitting him scarcely at all. This, at all events, is balancing accounts. He likewise stops skilfully; gets out of danger by the goodness of his legs; he is always cool and collected during the battle; and one of the safest men in the P. R. to back, because he cannot be gammoned out of his own mode of milling.

Spring has also licked all the men he has ever fought with in the Prize Ring; and has in the whole of his contests lost but one battle. It is a curious coincidence, that on Whitsun-Tuesday, in 1823, he defeated Neat, near Andover, and on Whitsun-Tuesday, 1824, he overcame the brave Langan. Spring, therefore has won three battles in one twelve-month, and £1,000 into the bargain: for instance—

With Neat	£200
Langan	300
Ditto	500
	£1,000

The above battle was a noble, manly, and generous fight! But Langan had not weight enough to win; his person was not tall enough to win; his arms were too short to win; and his condition was not good enough to win; but the heart of the hero of the black fogle was big enough to beat all the men in the world; at least, poor fellow, he thought so! Well, then, let us give him credit for what he has done! As a complete novice, he contended with the Champion, in his first battle, for two hours and twenty-nine minutes. Spring, at that period, treated Langan too lightly. In the second battle, when Spring was perfectly prepared for his opponent, it took the Champion one hour and forty-nine minutes to obtain the conquest. This circumstance alone, is a volume in favor of the goodness of Langan. The whole of the points towards winning were in favor of Spring, except one; and that one point was highly important to Langan, namely: the excellence and strength of his constitution over the Champion. Under all the circumstances of the fight, "which was never safe till it was over," we think it an honorable victory to Spring, as both of his hands were gone three-quarters of an hour at least before the battle was decided. He might be compared to a man fighting without weapons. But to prove conqueror of a man like Langan, is an honor to any pugilist; and to triumph over one of the gamest of the game, equal to any boxer who has preceded him, and never excelled in bravery, is quite scientific without any further comment on the subject. Success to them both! When Langan is again tried in the P. R., we think Spring will rise higher in the estimation of his friends. That the hero of the Black Fogle will be a tough bit, in future, for any one to carve, cut, and come again, is certain; and before the joint is finally disposed of, a good stomach will be necessary, if not a glutton required, to show himself at the table. The exact weight of Spring was 13st. 11lb.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE.

Spring left his bed early in the evening; and his first visit he paid to Langan, at the Dolphin; they met like brave men, and on taking his departure he shook Langan by the hand, leaving £10 in it. A military band, in honor of the brave conduct of Langan, played several airs under the window: Erin go bragh—St. Patrick's Day, &c. The above band then went to the Swan Hotel, and also played Rule Britannia, St. Patricks's Day, and God save the King! A gentleman out of the balcony of the above hotel proposed the following toast, which was drank by the populace with three loud cheers: England and Ireland for ever!

The Champion left Chichester at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning in an open barouche, accompanied by Mr. Sant. He was cheered out of the town by the populace; and on his entrance into the metropolis he was also greeted with loud remarks of approbation.

THE TRIFLING ADVANTAGES OF A FIGHT TO LANDLORDS NEAR THE SCENE OF ACTION.

"Mine Host" at the Dolphin, the hotel where Langan and his backer put up, Belcher, &c., made the following modest charges in his bill: Six guineas for six beds, for one night only, Belcher, Harmer, and O'Neal, and the Colonel, and his friend; and four guineas for conveying Langan to and from the ground.

The road to and from the fight on Monday and Tuesday last it should seem, put all the inhabitants of Surrey and Sussex into good spirits; and the ladies were as lively and cracking their jokes upon the subject with equal wit and repartee as their male companions. A celebrated pugilist, on his return to town on Tuesday last, stopped with his patron, in his barouche and four, to change horses at Pulborough, when being extremely thirsty and oppressed with heat, he told his companion that he should take some cold brandy and water. "Mine Hostess" being at the door on the look out, and anxious to please her customers, and a lively creature into the bargain, waiting for orders, the gay pugilist, with a face full of gravity, having been on the wrong side of the question, thus addressed "Mine Hostess:" "Pray, madam, have you a good well?" Yes, sir," was the reply, (smiling,) "and an excellent Spring, too!" "That must be always an advantage to the ladies: and a recommendation to your house, madam," answered the pugilist, whose former gravity was turned into laughter. "I hope so," rejoined the lovely dame; "and if you ever come this road again mention 'The Spring,' and you shall be recognized; depend upon it." "Bravo!" said the Swell in the barouche, "a hit, Tom, without a blow. Drive on, post boys."

Spring's last battle with Langan ended his career as a principal in the Prize Ring. During his career as Champion he received four cups, and in 1825 he resigned the office.

On the 20th of May, 1846, Spring was presented with a testimonial, including a silver tankard.

Spring died at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 20th of August, 1851, and was buried at Norwood Cemetry, August 25, 1851.

FEARFUL MODE OF EXECUTION IN INDIA.

THE following has been communicated to the *Poona Observer*:—It appears from a journal of a European traveller that a new and fearful mode of execution had been adopted by the King of Delhi. The instrument and process are thus described: A box, each side of which is fifteen feet square, is constructed of timber eighteen inches thick, dovetailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered with a plate of iron, one inch in thickness. The interior is filled with perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand tons. A machine is erected after the manner of an ordinary pile-driver, but of course on an enormous scale and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the express purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machinist by whom the work was furnished had no idea of the horrid purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and covered with a plate of iron. At a signal given by the vicramadack, the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls, and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihiliated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard! The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung over the wall of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude.

FOR THE CLIPPER.

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW."

BY FLORA TEMPLE.

BOSTON will be as fair and bright,
And girls as sweet, I trow,
And fellows quite as plenty
"One hundred years from now."
They'll mince along Tremont street then,
With all their winning ways,
And wreathe their ruby lips with smiles
As we of other days.

The Old South Church will still lift up
Its brazen spire on high,
While Hopkins' frail descendents
Shall show them how to die.
With cool, reviving, beauteous showers,
Dame Spring will hither come,
Expressmen still bring o'er the pike
Big jugs of Medford rum.

2:40 nags, and fast young men,
Will o'er our turnpike glide;
With ribbons firmly held in hand,
They'll murmur "let her slide."
Shanghaes and Pootras then will chant
Their lays from every bough,
But they won't lay their eggs for us
"One hundred years from now."

The doctors will deal out their drugs
In tinctures, salves, and pills;
Administer, with Latin names,
Molasses down by gills.
The lawyers then will lie and cheat,
And lengthen out each plea;
They'll have an *ear* for all your woes,
An *eye* upon the fee.

The printer still will wade through *prose*,
And knock *rhyme* out of joint;
With now and then a *period*,
Or *exclamation point!*
But when old Death his *form* shall *lock*,
Time knock him into *pi*,
Eternity has *space* for him,
In realms beyond the sky.

Boston, February, 1858.

AMUSING EPITAPHS.

THE following is from a graveyard in Massachusetts

"Here lies
The bodies of John and Lucy
Leaven,
Killed by lightning sent from
Heaven,
In 1777."

In St. Mary's churchyard, Whittlesea, England, is the following:

"Here lies the bodies of Elizabeth Addison,
Her son,
And old Roger to come."

"Old Roger" was her husband, it seems, and nearly twenty years afterward, when a traveler visited the place, was still living, but had not yet "come."

The following may be seen conspicuously inscribed on a board stuck up on a tree, on the banks of Benson Creek, in one of the Western States:

"Beneath this tree lies young Billy Kunningham,
Who was butted to death by our old bob-tail ram,
The old ram,
Be d—n.
To another world was sent,
The cars over him done went."

PERFECTLY COOL.

A WAGGISH friend of ours tells the following, which we do not remember to have seen in print:

A certain man, whom we will call M——, was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crossest wife in the neighborhood.

More than one attempt had been made to frighten M——, without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chips, resolved to see if there was any scare in him, fixed himself up in the most ghostly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of woods through which M—— had to pass on his way home.

The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M—— hove in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop. M—— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—*I married your sister.*

FAT PORKERS.—WHO BEATS THIS?—One of our old subscribers, Mr. Ephraim Ulmer, who resides at the "Meadows," in this city, gives us a record of fat "porkers" slaughtered by him during the past four years, which we think he may challenge any farmer in the State to equal. In 1854, Mr. Ulmer killed a hog weighing 602 lbs.; in 1855, he killed one weighing 724 lbs.; in 1856, one weighing 644 lbs.; and in 1857, one weighing 722½ lbs. Thus the total weight of the four hogs slaughtered by Mr. Ulmer during the past four years is 2,692½ pounds, and the average weight of each 673⅛ pounds! the last "porker" was 18 months old.—[Rockland Gazette.